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[JAMES HOLMES, TOOK'S COURT.]

REVIEWS

The Travels of Macarius, Patriarch of Antioch.
Written by his Attendant Archdeacon, Paul of Aleppo, in Arabic. Vol. II. Translated by F. C. Belfour, A.M. Oxon. M.R.A.S. Printed for the Oriental Translation Fund.

We sufficiently described the nature and character of this work in our first notice (No. 307). The Archdeacon, as we then stated, was a zealous churchman—his whole thoughts engrossed by ecclesiastical matters, by forms, ceremonies, and superstitions. Educated in the seclusion of the cloister, he devotes whole pages to the merest trifles, and dismisses matters of importance with a provoking brevity, better calculated to excite than gratify curiosity. Still his work is important; there is, indeed, no book in our language which contains so much information concerning the state of the Russian church during the reign of Alexis; and we see manifestly enough in the superstitious deference of the father, the root of that power which the Church subsequently opposed to the reforms of the illustrious son. We collect, too, from incidental and scattered observations, some curious particulars relating not only to Russia, but to the other countries through which the Patriarch travelled. Thus it happened that during his stay at Moscow preparations were going on for an expedition against the Swedes, and the Archdeacon observes—

"The Emperor has ordered a Dosherma, or levy of men, over all the Tartar countries, to the amount of two hundred thousand new troops; distributing among them halberds and muskets, and an allowance of pay every three months. He has sent to order up the armies of Cazan, Astrachan, and Siberia; and had held an Assembly of the Heads of the Clergy, and of all the Heads of Convents, requiring them to grant him a tenth of the treasure of the convents, and of the revenue of their lands and villages; and saying to them: 'As all the merchants have given me a tenth of their property, I ask the same of you; because it is for you I make war, and out of zeal for our holy religion. It is not my intention to open my own treasures at all, until I have completed this campaign, and brought this war to an end: on the accomplishment of which, I will return to you all I have taken from you twofold.' Moreover, he sent to collect from every house, throughout the whole country, twenty-five copecks, as a subsidy for stores. *

"In the mean time, an order had been sent by the Emperor to all the Voivodes of the country, to give him force and aid for the approaching campaign, by paying for each of the slaves and servants, whom they wished to retain on their estates, from twenty to forty roubles a head, in lieu of military service; and to provide substitutes, whilst they staid away and rested from the fatigues of war. This order was strictly carried into effect, not only as regarded the Voivodes and their serfs, but all the Boyars also residing in their houses throughout the country, without any exception, though many of them were old and infirm. The Emperor himself prepared for a journey to the city of Smolensko, to see in person how an agreement might be come to, between him and the Poles; sending his troops, treasures, and heavy baggage before him."

The Emperor also "began to send pickaxes, stores, victuals, and the heavy baggage, in sledges, to the cities of Novgorod and Pskov. He sent, as we ascertained, five hundred thousand halves of hogs, salted, and fifty thousand live hogs, as part of the provisions: for, as we mentioned formerly, they are in the habit of killing their pigs in the autumn, and, cutting them in halves, they hang them up from the

roofs of their chambers, that they may become as *Πάστρεψα*, or bacon. When they set out on a journey, they cut off slices, to cook on the road. *

"Towards Sweden he dispatched three great Kniazes, with three hundred thousand warriors, to pass through Novgorod and Pskov. These troops marched forth from the capital in great pomp and splendour. For the conduct of the war, a plan was combined between the Emperor and the Caesar: the latter agreeing to carry it on by sea, the former by land. The Swedish Ambassador was now placed by the Emperor under the strictest confinement in his hotel, round which were posted twelve hundred janissaries, carrying muskets, to guard it on all sides, and appearing to envelop it like a bright flame. No person, on any pretext whatever, was permitted to go in to the Embassy; and after the janissaries had searched the persons of the Swedes, and taken from them all their swords and knives, and their pens and inkstands, lest they should send any letter to their countrymen, they removed them from the house they had hitherto inhabited, and, placing them in another built of stone, guarded them there with the utmost vigilance. All this was to prevent them from sending letters and reports to their own country; and from receiving any thence."

In connexion with his immediate subject, the Archdeacon gives us some curious particulars respecting the casting of church bells, for which Moscow was then famous:—

"They had been incessantly employed about this bell, from the month of Ishbat till this feast of St. Nicholas. Our principal amusement, during the summer, was going to see them. Before we set out from Novgorod, their labour had been very great, in transporting the large pieces of copper, weighing them, and placing them in the five furnaces. Each piece was, with great difficulty, moved by forty or fifty janissaries, assisted by machinery, and placed in the scales; and then in the furnace. Thus they were employed till we returned from Novgorod; and then they luted up the doors of the furnaces, and burnt the fires for three days, till the whole of the copper melted, and became like water. They stirred it with long iron rods, through holes in the doors of the furnaces; and from the violence of the heat, its surface had become red hot. Then a number of janissaries came and took off the covering, which was of the bark of the *Flamor* or Linden-tree, which had been erected to keep the place from heat and rain. Some fear began to be felt, lest a great fire should break out in the city, from the heat of these furnaces, which truly resembled the fire of Hell; and one of the Heads of the Clergy came and performed here, over the pit, an *Αγιασμός*, and gave his blessing to the work. And now they let go the issues of the five furnaces from under them; and the copper ran all into the channels leading to above the ears of the bell. This was at night; and they would not permit any person to look on. Till the end of this day, they had been continually scumming the metal. From the great weight of the copper, it made a hole in the bottom of one of the furnaces, and ran away among the bricks; and so there was lost part of what had been prepared by the master: but they immediately brought him much brass and silver; and put it into one of the furnaces, where it soon melted; and they let it flow over the other till the whole was filled up. They had to wait three days for this new bell to cool; and then they began to take away the bricks and earth which were around it; an operation which consumed a considerable portion of time. As soon as the report was spread of the coming of the Emperor, they worked day and night; and the Patriarch continually overlooked them, accompanied by the Emperor's lieutenants, stimulating their exertions to the utmost: most times he used to invite our master also, to accompany him in viewing the work."

Some of the religious observances and national customs struck the venerable Archdeacon with amazement. Thus he comments on the ceremonies observed on Easter Sunday:—

"All the persons assembled, came forward, according to custom, to kiss the cross. On kissing afterwards the Gospel, and the image, in the hands of the Priests, they kissed also the mouths of the latter; giving them, at the same time, each a red egg. This the boys did, as well as the grown-up men; and after them came the women and girls, of all classes, from the highest to the lowest. We melted with envy when the women and girls kissed the mouths of the Priests; and the Priests kissed theirs. ** We were much surprised at seeing this; and particularly so were the Greeks, who witnessed it: but such is the Muscovite custom."

On another occasion he observes—

"I was invited by the Voivode to accompany the imperial Dragomans to his house; where he made us drink two rounds of cups of wine and spirits, whilst he stood up and we were sitting. And now I have to mention a strange thing, which I witnessed on this occasion; a thing which we had been told of, but which we would not believe. I saw it, however, with my own eyes; and it was this. After the table was set, and we had taken our places at the board, the Voivode called in his wife; who came in her finest dress, with her daughters and little boys, bowing her head to us as she entered, and saluting us. Then the Voivode placed her in the middle of the room, and begged us to go and kiss her on the mouth with the holy paschal kiss, in the virtue of which they have the highest faith, accompanied as it is by the words *Χριστός αντίστη*. The Dragomans, to set me the example, went first, and, having kissed the lady on the mouth, repeated the words: and then they nodded to me to come forward, as they retired each to his place: but I became like a mute statue, and was melting away in a fever of bashfulness. In vain the husband urged me vehemently: I still held back; until at length they got the Dragomans to prevail on me to go and kiss the lady, by representing to me, that otherwise the Voivode, her husband, would be seriously affronted. Overcome with shame, and pushed forward with some violence, I advanced to the lady, and kissed her mouth; and she kissed mine, saying 'Christos Voskros.' I was as it were, without sight or sense, so great was my confusion amidst a scene I had never before witnessed: though we had been told, but I would not believe it, that not only on this day of Easter, but whenever they received a stranger as a guest at their house, they always presented their wife before him, to be kissed by him on the mouth, and by all present."

Fortunately, on their return, the Patriarch was compelled, by circumstances, to pass some time in Wallachia, and he thought it well to visit the more celebrated convents. In consequence, we get an occasional glimpse at the manners and customs of the people. Some of these incidental notices we may transfer to our own pages, but first we must allow the Archdeacon to describe "the great and renowned convent of Cozin," situated on the Alata:—

"It lies to the eastward [of Riumnik] at the distance of between three and four hours' journey, with the above-mentioned river close on the right. The road is very surprising and extraordinary, for its asperities and difficulties: it is a narrow pass, on the brink of the river; along which only one horse at a time can move, and that with great difficulty, caution, and abundant dread; for the river flows down a frightfully deep vale, full of rocks and bounding currents, with waves like the waves of the ocean; and, as it roars, its voice is terrific, disturbing the heart with alarm. It is a very large and broad stream, larger than the Anzi (Orontes) at Hemah: and be-

yond it, on the other side, are vast impassable mountains, covered with wood, and totally untracked. On the left of the road, that is, on our left, as we ascended, we had a very high mountain, perfectly steep, and all rock, overgrown with huge trees; and of this nature our path continued to be, until we came to a wooden bridge, ingeniously rested on the frightfully steep, and, to all appearance, unstable and untrustworthy brink of the river; at which when we looked, our hearts shuddered. In the event of any siege or distress being threatened to the convent, the Monks come and remove this bridge; which, being constructed of wood, is nailed, at one end, to two tall trees rising from the bed of the river, whilst the other end rests on the mountain precipice. On the removal of the bridge, its place remains an immense gap, neither to be reached, nor to be passed over; for there is no possibility whatever of effecting a passage in any way. No one has the power of going down into the river, from the depth and perpendicularity of its banks: nor can he cross it higher up; for all the way from the interior of the Hungarian country it flows with this character of a fence and boundary: though, as we were told, when necessity compels them to it, they import, by this river, from Hungary what they want of wine, &c.; but it is done amidst the encounter of endless dread and dangers. The mountain, as we said before, is never passed at all; nor, by their account, is there any way, either at the back of it or in any part round it: it is only to be penetrated by this wonderful gully, which is the work of the Creator (glorified be his name!); and which, as we looked, we were wrapt in amazement at beholding; for, when the bridge is once removed, should only a small troop be stationed here with their muskets, they are capable of repulsing many thousands of enemies. The strength and security of this blessed convent, so much famed throughout the world, are entirely due to the locality and situation we have been describing.

"In consequence of the narrowness of the road, and its closeness to the edge of the precipice, we were afraid; and, alighting from our horses, we walked on foot, till we had crossed the bridge. Here we came out upon a large open plain, divided into fields sown with their crops, and into gardens and vineyards; which we had to traverse until we approached the convent, which is a strong and handsome edifice, built on the border of the aforesaid river, but enclosed by huge and formidable mountain-summits, the intervals between which are barred up by impenetrable woods; so that in no part of the circumference is there any other access to it whatsoever; for this blessed spot is in a gap or fissure, at the very extremity of the province; and is bounded by Hungary both on the north and south, at the distance of two days' journey. The way to the latter is behind the mountains, towards the south, is extremely difficult, and is impassable to cattle.

"The meaning of the name of this convent, *Cozia*, in their language, is a 'natural fort'; from its being situated on the highest of the numerous mountains in these parts. Into this convent no female enters, not even the female of any animal whatsoever: such is the regulation established by the deceased Mirtaja Voivoda, who built it, together with its church, under dedication to the Most Holy Trinity. It is said that he gave it this name of the Trinity solely because of the three mountains which surrounded it, on the south-west, on the north, and on the east. In front of the holy church is a fountain, supplied by a beautiful spring of water flowing down from the mountain, delightful to the senses. Around the basin are four faces, from the mouths of which the water falls: one is the figure of a Majar, that is, a Hungarian; a second is the head of a Turk, with his turban; the third is the face of a Beg; and the fourth that of a slave. In the basin there are fish always preserved. The cells of this convent are large, and of solid structure, one over the other, all round, with lofty porticos: and on the east side are some admirable apartments, wherein the repasts are served, with balconies or galleries looking over the river; the depth of which here, that is, the distance from the top of the said buildings to its bed, is between forty and fifty statures or heights of man. These are sitting-rooms, which drive dull care afar, banish melancholy, and brightly clear up the brain. A man seriously ill is relieved here, by the cheerful sound of the waters;

not only of the foaming river current, but of the fountain streams falling from the cliffs; and the liver is most particularly revived by the sight of these mountains, by the surrounding verdure, and by the delicate eating of those beautiful fish called *Bastrovus*, which exist only in situations like this, and live only in waters rushing down from the hills, feeding amidst the rocks, and averse to mud and stagnation depths. It resembles the fish *Soltan Ibrahim*, at Terapolis, and is prettily marked with red spots. Its taste is fine, and superior in flavour to that of roast fowl: nothing indeed can surpass it, as a delicious morsel. It is much famed throughout this country; and, when salted, is carried in presents to the Beg and the Agas.

"The garden of this convent is beautiful; and in it, also, is a refreshment-room, where we used to take our dinner in the middle of the day; supping, at a later hour, in the gallery we have described, where we were quartered. We found here an excellent wine, of superior quality, and high colour. Outside the gate of the convent, on the slope of the mountain, is a bubbling spring of water; and over it is built a handsome church, in the name of St. Peter and St. Paul. They call this place the Hospital for the Sick; and here, on this eve of the Festival of the Apostles, we assisted at Vigils, which lasted the whole night. Facing this place is a road; along which we passed for half an hour, down to the bottom of the hill; where is a prettily-built church, under the title of the Birth of St. John the Baptist. Here resides a devout Pilgrim and Hermit, whose cell is close to the church; where he ministers, and says Mass. This holy person solicited absolution from our Lord the Patriarch; and intreated him to plant for him a new shoot of a walnut-tree, that is, to plant for him a young walnut-tree, that it might be a memorial to him, and that every person, in future times, might know it as a tree planted for a blessing, by the Patriarch Macarius of Antioch. His Holiness consented; and taking a knife, he cut away all the springing shoots of the slip, leaving only a straight stick; which when he had planted and blessed, we went away. This same thing he did in the garden of every convent we entered, such being a custom with them;—and a very good custom it is, thus to preserve the remembrance of such a visit; and also, by the knowledge of the date, to be able to reckon the age of the tree at that time planted. We were shewn, among them, a number of trees called after the names of preceding Patriarchs who had visited these places."

Another wonderful thing, according to the writer, was a mill in the neighbourhood of Bucharest:—

"Here is a fine large mill, belonging to the Beg, to whom we had hitherto seen nothing comparable. It has six wheels outside, and six grinding-stones within: each stone is enclosed in a box, like a wine-press; and the meal, as it falls, is caught in bags hanging at the bottom of the box, without any escape of the finer pollen; the stones being placed high above the floor of the mill. It yields, every year, by contract, a sum of one thousand Venetian *scudi*, besides supplying the household with meal. The most wonderful is, that there is an ingenious contrivance within, by which the meal is made to fall by itself, and the bran by itself."

"We wished to coax the Beg to give this mill to the See of Antioch, its income being clear money; and, as we could send a person every year to receive the thousand *scudi* without further trouble, we considered it vastly preferable to any number of monasteries, a species of property which requires so much labour to be rendered profitable, and so much attention in regard to the Monks and servants: but, unfortunately, it was afterwards burnt, together with the village and the palace, as we shall have occasion to relate."

A few weeks since (p. 589,) we quoted from Mr. Spencer an account of the fly or gnat which, at particular seasons, infests parts of Hungary, Wallachia, and the banks of the Danube. They appear to have been equally troublesome two hundred years ago.

"In the afternoon we travelled for an hour in a southerly direction, [on the banks of the Danube, near Cladova] and came to a convent under the in-

vocation of St. Michael. It is commonly known by the name of the *Tentsarani* Convent; that is, the Convent of the Kingdom of Gnats: and this appellation is founded in truth. It is situated on the bank of a river flowing within the lappet of the mountain: and in consequence of the quantity of grass and verdure of the most luxuriant growth, and the thickness of the woods around it, the whole district swarms with gnats, to a degree beyond description. We passed two nights here; during one of which we had not even a taste of sleep: for the second, we went up, in the hope of repose, to the top of the hill in the vicinity of the convent, where a new vineyard has been planted, and there is a huge tall watch-tower; but we could not escape from the insect either night or day, and suffered from it such severe torment as cannot be described. God protect the visitors of this convent! With all this we lighted up fires all round us, and raised a smoke with cow-dung: but nothing of all these precautions availed us: on the contrary, our enemy waged the war against us the more fiercely; so that, God is our witness! for most of our nights during this summer season, and during the great heats of this country, we were obliged to lie down with our boots on our legs, to clothe our hands with leather gloves, and to cover up our faces: and yet we did not escape."

It may interest the readers, if we give an account of the ceremonies observed at marriages and funerals among the Wallachians:—

"At the moment the Archon of Boyana was informed of the passage of our Lord the Patriarch, it happened that within his family a wedding was about to be celebrated, in the person of his grandson; and he sent, with great eagerness and joy, to invite our master to visit him. When we arrived at his house, we found them all busy with the preparations for the nuptials. But see what it pleased the Almighty should intervene! Just then occurred the sudden death of the elder brother of the bridegroom; and their joy, together with their festivity, was turned to grievous mourning, and into wailings and lamentations which exceed description. It is usual, in this country, not to betroth or marry the younger son or daughter before the elder. But they were much relieved and consoled by the presence among them of our Lord the Patriarch; for he preached to them, and administered comfort; and, after a long discourse, he persuaded them to complete the nuptials."

"In the mean time, they began the funeral rites of the deceased; and, with great exertions, the Patriarch forced them to lay him in his coffin, and bury him by the afternoon of the second day: for they were unwilling to do so. On the next day, which was Sunday, they performed for him a *Μνησόστορον*; and gave a splendid feast, for which they slaughtered four heads of oxen, and fifty heads of sheep. Loaves they baked without number: and they spread linen cloths, looking like whole pieces from the loom, on tables reaching from the centre of the house to the outside of the court-yard: on these tables they set the bread, in large loaves; and on each loaf they placed a piece of meat. We went purposely to see what was doing; and we reckoned the persons, who were placed one close to another, at more than fifteen hundred: for it is the custom in all these countries, when a report is spread of joy or mourning, that is, of a wedding or a funeral, that the people of the neighbouring villages come to make a meal. Over each company there stood a person with a staff, to see to them, that they ate and were satiated, and that to every one were given his three goblets of wine. To each they distributed also three loaves; and the guests continued sitting till they had finished their repast. Then they put up what remained before them in napkins, which they had provided to carry away these remnants; and having prayed mercy for the defunct, they departed."

"It is not the rich only who give alms in the manner we have been describing: but the poor, also, when one of the family of any of them dies, walk behind him to the grave with meat and bread; and, after they have interred him, they distribute this food to the bystanders, that they may pray a mercy on him;—and very commendable is the custom!"

"The description of the weddings in this country is as follows. Sending their servants and labourers with carts up the mountain, they had thence brought

to them a great quantity of the branches of the fir-tree; and pointing the stems, they planted them on the walls around, before the gates right and left, on the roads on both sides, and from the church to the mansion. This with them is the token of a wedding about to be performed; and we asked the reason and meaning of it. They told us, that as the leaves of this tree never fall, and are always green with the fruit in the midst of them, so God grant to the bride and bridegroom.

"On Monday arrived the messengers with the joyful tidings of the approach of the bridegroom, having preceded the party of horse who were riding before him; and having communicated the pleasing news to the parents of the young man, they received a distribution of shawls. Presently the bridegroom himself came up, with his accompanying escort of friends on horseback, mounted on a horse given to him by his father-in-law, as is the custom here, with its saddle, trappings, and bridle complete; and wearing on his head a panache of white wool, as is usual for bridegrooms. The bride was in the coach; and following her were other coaches, full of the ladies of the grandesse of the country. Her brother was come with her. Behind her were two wagons full of goods, consisting of clothes, furniture, &c.; for it is the bride that endows the bridegroom, who gives nothing whatever to her. The bride's father settles on her, by writing, a dower, with farms and peasants, servants, vineyards, &c., in proportion to his ability. If she has children, these possessions revert to her husband; but should she die without offspring, the entire dower returns to her father.

"As soon as the bridegroom entered the courtyard of the mansion, his father and mother gave him the meeting, as they did also to his bride with him: and having made them drink wine out of large silver cups, they proceeded to the church, with us preceding them. Here, in conformity with their constant practice, they spread a carpet under the feet of the young couple: and the godfather, having taken his place by the side of the bridegroom, whilst the godmother stood near the bride, whose face was covered with rose-coloured lace, I, the poor Archdeacon, put on my cope, and, having robed the doctor, I threw incense round the reading-desk or table which they had placed before the choir, having set upon it the gospel and the cross. As, in the course of the ceremony, the bride and bridegroom walked round the table, sweetmeats of almonds and raisins, and comfits, &c. with loaves, were thrown at them, and were greedily gathered up by the bystanders. After the conclusion of the prayer, the married couple advanced to kneel before the gospel and kissed it, together with the hand of our master; and then went out. There was no crying now, nor wailing, as the day before. Bless them, for the excellence of their customs, in so speedily dissipating their griefs, and yielding themselves up to joy and gladness! In the evening we were invited to the banquet, which was very grand, consisting of more than five or six hundred dishes; and every time they brought anything in, they added it to what was already there."

"It is the custom, that for this evening the bridegroom himself waits at table, and serves up the dishes and drink: and the bride in like manner attends all the guests, from first to last, with their wives. After a little while, they brought in a box of some shawls, as is usual; accompanied by a scribe, who had been in previously, and had written down the names of all the persons at table. To each shawl they sewed a piece of paper, on which was written the name of the person to whom it was to be given, in the order becoming his rank, that there might be no confusion one with another. These shawls they now distributed to all the guests; whilst the scribe wrote all their names in a register, till he came to an end. Again: they brought in a large plate: and the first to whom they presented it, who was our Lord the Patriarch, put into it, in order to do honour to the newly-married couple, quantity of piastres: and after him the other guests made their offerings. Those who had money with them, threw in piastres or dinars according to their station; and some said to the scribe, 'Write down, to be received at my house, such a horse or ox, or such a number of sheep or hogs, or such a servant or servants, &c. By the time the roll was gone through, the plate was filled with money. The same thing is done among the women,

in their apartment. Then the grandfather of the bridegroom presented to him a plated sword, and a scabbard of brocade and velvet; and his father gave him a fair dress of sables. All the pieces of money which had been collected were put up together in a napkin, and sealed.

"When the bride, accompanied by the women, approached our Lord the Patriarch, and, kneeling before him, had received his blessing, the napkin containing the money was given to her, together with all the keys of the boxes belonging to her husband, and of the houses, and of the cellars where the pickles and wines are kept, all hanging by a silver chain: for in this country the wife is the guardian of her husband's treasures, and the keys are always hanging down from her girdle. She constantly sits at the head of the table, and her husband below her, on her right, as we frequently observed on many occasions."

At another marriage feast he observes:—

"There was an exhibition of performances of agility, by an Indian woman of most Satanic cleverness, to which we had hitherto seen nothing comparable: she would walk on her head upon a rope with her feet thrown up into the air; and she would fix some naked swords on a round drum, and, introducing her head, she would stand on it, and begin to twist herself round; and the drum, being made with spring, would revolve, by the force of her most wonderfully skilful play."

We have been somewhat liberal in our extracts from this work, because it is not likely to fall into the hands of many of our readers. There is another point of interest which attaches to it, to which we have not adverted—the conclusive evidence it offers of the prescriptive policy of the Russian government. It is here evident, that even before the accession of Peter, the Czars looked forward to the time when they might become masters of Turkey, by securing the aid of the Christian population.

The Hunters of the Prairie, or the Hawk Chief.
A Tale of the Indian Country. By John Treat Irving, Jun. 2 vols. Bentley.

THOUGH the North Americans, in the absence of antiquities or associations of an elder date than the arrival of the "May-flower," naturally turn again, and yet again, to prairie and hunting-ground, wilderness and lonely river, which the Red men have made their classic ground, still we cannot but fancy that after the thousand-and-one tales, sketches, and reminiscences of life in the wilds, recently poured forth by the American press, even transatlantic nationality must feel that a work like the one before us is somewhat superfluous. We, at least, with far fresher appetites, and a constitutional tendency towards the natural and strange and distant, could not help murmuring (not in the most thankful tone) "More Indians!" as we took up Mr. J. Irving's book; and, though the pleasantness of his manner beguiled us onward through its pages with tolerable satisfaction, we cannot say, on laying it down, that it contains much that is individual or striking, or that he leads us over any ground hitherto untrodden by the mass-cin of former romancers.

The story is slight:—a hero, overflowing with the spirit of adventure—a stalwart hunter, his companion, who prefers the elbow-room of the wilderness and a dinner of his own bringing down, to the haunts and modes of civilized life—a bronze Apollo, called the Hawk Chief, who heads the Pawnees in sundry pursuits and skirmishes against the whites—and a bronze Camilla of his tribe, who "loves and is not loved again," and, out of jealousy, delivers a white maiden, whom the Hawk has captured—with Konzas, trappers, talking negroes, rangers, &c., to fill the scene and play the subordinate parts. Such are the *dramatis personæ*, and such is the plot.

A scene fortunately offers itself for extract,

which will introduce the principal personages to the reader, and thus save us from the necessity of all further comment:—

"The last words of warning that dropped from the old guide were not lost. All were now fully aware of the risk of their situation. All were silent. The crush of the burnt stubble beneath the tread of the troops could be heard. The high peak shot up its conical head in front of them, a deep jet against the grey of the sky. The skeletons of those who had met their fate upon that spot were distinct to the eye, shining with phosphoric brightness beneath the moon-rays."

"Arden, drawing his charge close to his side, with that instinctive feeling that teaches us to press to our bosoms those we love and are fearful of losing, hurried a few steps on, until they were by the side of Adherbal."

"The face of the old man was calm—there were no signs of trepidation. He had been for ever like a hunted fox, and was most in his element when most in peril. Lucy studied earnestly his mahogany features, exposed to the light of the moon. 'Adherbal,' said she, laying her hand on his arm. The old man started as if electrified. 'What caused you to start?' asked she, surprised at this display of emotion in one so habitually under self-control.

"'Lady!' said he in a low tone, 'I was thinking of the dead. I was thinking of the time when I seed them skeletons alive; with their quivers at their backs, and their tomahawks in their hands. It is many long years ago. I have grown grey since. Do you believe,' said he, drawing closer to her, and almost whispering in her ear—'Do you believe that when a man is once dead, he can come upon earth again?'

"'No, Adherbal,' replied Lucy: 'a human being when once like those before us, is gone for ever. There is a barrier between him and this world that can never be repassed.' * * The old man mused for a moment. 'I thought so once—I thought so once; but I don't think so now. I have seed the dead alive!'

"'But I won't argufy the matter now. We have no time to waste in words, and we shall want our breath—Did you hear that yell? It came from the Pawnees in chase. They're close upon us.'

"'Had we not better quicken our speed?' said Arden anxiously. At the same time several Rangers pressed forward, eager to hear what their guide would suggest.

"'It will be a waste of wind,' replied the other coolly: 'It must come to a fight; and if you are of my opinion, we will strike for you mount, and there make a stand. It's a strong position, from which we might fight desperate. It will be the second I have seed on the same ground.'

"'Is there no forest—no better shelter than this bleak hill?'

"'None!—the timber I wanted to reach is two miles to the west, and the cut-throats will be upon us before we could gain it.'

"'Why not return to that we have just left?'

"'They would meet us half way!'

"'Then why not push on, and baffle them in the darkness?'

"'They would overtake us, and shoot us down in the hollows of the parara.'

"'Perdition!' exclaimed Arden bitterly. 'So much for trusting in your guidance.—Why did you lead us from where we might have made a good defence, to this barren prairie?'

"'Boy!' said the old man in a stern voice, 'I have lived on the praras from childhood—I have fought at different times with every tribe of Ingens, from the mouth of the Yellow Stone down to the Red River. I have seed Death, have almost had him by the hand, boy! and then I felt how sweet life was, how much I loved it. Think you I would throw away that life?—think you I would expose it heedless? No! What I did was for the best; what I now advise is for the best. I can't stomach reproaches not deserved.'

"'Is there any prospect of eventual escape?' demanded Arden.

"'That depends on circumstances,' replied Adherbal. 'If we flog them, there is; if they flog us,

which ought not to be, they will probably deal a little rigorsome with the prisoners.'

"How! what will be their fate?"

"A stake; or, if they take it in their heads to be merciful, an arrow and a scalping-knife."

"Arden walked close to him, and said in a whisper, 'The young lady, Miss Wilford, must she share this fate?'

"Better the last than the first," answered the other. "I have taken a liking to her, for I never seen anything so beautiful. I am an old man, and my time will soon be out; but, much as I like the flowery paranas and the green woods of this world, I would risk my body to the arrows, and my head to the scalping-knife, to know that gal was safe in the settlements. She always speaks kind;—then her voice is so soft! It reminds me of the time when I was a boy, when I had a mother; but that is long, long ago. This gal, too, is considerable more better-looking than her,—my mother looked more like me—she is dead now. Ten years have gone by since—I often think of her—I used to send her a stock of venison hams every autumn, to last through the winter; and she always writ to say she had got them, and to thank me. My mother was a scholar. I always keep them letters in a piece of buckskin, in my shot-pouch, and sometimes, when I feel heavy, I get Norton to read them to me. She's dead now.—There's the hill," said he abruptly. "It's steep, and the moon has gone down, so that we'll have no light to climb by."

"These were the only words uttered preparatory to the task of ascending.—This accomplished, the party found themselves upon a plot of ground about a quarter of an acre in extent, perfectly level, and possessing no other defence than its own natural rocky battlement.

"Arrangements were soon completed. Miss Wilford was placed in the centre of the mount, where she would be more secure from the arrows of their enemies. The Rangers and hunters were stationed along the brink, crouching to present a smaller mark.

"Lucy could not see beneath the brow of the hill; and to her, therefore, the moments had intense anxiety."

"Her melancholy meditations, however, were cut short by the voice of Sip.

"Look out, Mas Norton," said he in a low voice. "I catch glimpse o' sumfin movin'; but de parara so dressed dark, I can't see perticklar well. Goy! he'm dare!"

"As I am a living man," said Adherbal, "I seed heads squinting over the edge of yon swell. Keep your eyes busy, boys. You'm going to fight for your scalps; and," added he aside, "you'm like to lose them to—Herrick, is there anything moving along that slope? Quick! quick! do you see it?"

"No! I see nothing."

"Perhaps Sip can.—Sip," said he, raising his voice, "what's that in the hollow to the left?"

"Goy! Mas Herbal," said the negro, after a moment's anxious observation, "it be a whull nest on 'em. Dey'm tryin to sneak up."

"They are following the trail, ignorant how near they are to the hornet's nest!" said Norton: "they will suspect something, however, when the track runs upwards. They have wit enough to know that runaways do not top a hill when there is a path on each side."

"Let them come," said Arden sternly; "they will find bullets ready."

"If I was axed," said Adherbal, "I would considerate rather they should stay where they are. They can give a dozen arrows to one bullet; and I like their company so little, that I would be the last to cry out: 'Here we are!'—Are the men ready, Mr. Arden?"

"Yes, they are to hold their fire until the Indians are within half pistol-shot: then their balls will tell."

"You're right. 'Twas a judgmatinal order; but if the Ingens spy our station they'll scarcely venture up, in the teeth of the fire weapons. Them Pawnees have a mortal aversion to bullets. If they come on without knowing that we're here, we'll have a sort of upper grip, that will be mighty advantageous. There's nothing like firing on a party on awares, even Ingens: it always discomposes them dreadful."

"There was no reply to this remark. Their at-

tention was fixed upon the approaching foes. A stern hush rested upon the whole party. A few raised themselves to get a fairer view. The Indians came on steadily, until the trail began to ascend. They then seemed to collect in a mass. They, however, were so well shrouded by the darkness, that nothing could be ascertained for certain. They began to move slowly: they crouched and skulked from one fragment of rock to another, as if aware of their proximity to an enemy. At times they stopped, as if for the purpose of resting, or as if seized with sudden irresolution.

"They have smelled us out, that's sartain," said Adherbal; "but they act odd. An Indian can climb twenty hills like this without tiring, and isn't apt to turn back when he comes as near a scalp as he now is. There's devility afloat, depend on it.—Sip," said he, "run to the back of the hill, and throw an eye around. I have my doubts about these manœuvres: they're on nat'ral."

"The negro left his post and glided across the level. Scarcely had he reached the verge of the steep, when a shout burst from him, followed by an oath and the crack of his rifle.

"Lord! Lord! cuss de arrer! tick away half my ear!" cried he: "dey'm a hundred, tick as hops."

"Finding themselves discovered, the savages no longer attempted concealment. They were in an instant at the top of the hill, and before the whites could reach the spot, sent up their war-whoop, and full twenty dusky figures surmounted the rock. An instant more, and it was crowded."

This scene will enable the reader to judge of the general character of the work.

The History of Ireland. By Thomas Moore, Esq. Vol. II. Longman & Co.

IRELAND escaped the calamities which afflicted Christendom during the sixth, seventh, and eighth centuries; the Goth and Hun touched her not, the Franks and the Saxons were strangers to her shores; she possessed a large share of the benefits resulting from industry, laws and literature; and civilization was gradually developing itself amid public and private tranquillity. But "the spoilers came with iron hand,"—the northern corsairs appeared on the coasts; they found allies in the rivalry of competitors to an elective crown, in the ambition of petty chieftains, and in the hereditary feuds of hostile clans. The Danish invasions destroyed the national unity of Ireland, which indeed was never very perfect; it enabled every chieftain, from the ruler of a province to the possessor of a district not larger than a modern barony, to arrogate the title of king, and assert his claims to royalty by outraging the prerogatives of his suzerain, and trampling on the rights of his subjects. In most countries of Western Europe subjected to similar calamities, the temporal power of the Church supplied some check to the progress of barbarism; the papacy rescued Europe from Oriental despotism, by opposing the encroachments of kings, and it softened the horrors of feudalism by imposing restraints upon private wars, and opening an asylum to the victims of baronial oppression;

But in Ireland, where, owing to the disorder that had so long prevailed, as well as to the decline of discipline and dignity in the Church itself, the power of the spiritual arm was far less strong than in most other countries of Europe, this useful barrier against the self-willed violence of kings and dynasts was in a great measure wanting.

It will be found that most of the great impulses given to the course of human affairs, whether for good or for evil, have been the direct consequences of reaction; and the usurpation, in those times, of temporal dominion by ecclesiastics, was but a counter abuse to that of the numerous lay princes and nobles who had been so long intruding themselves into the possessions and privileges of the Church. To such an extent did this latter abuse prevail in Ireland that the bishopric of Armagh, the great primatial see of the kingdom, was for no less than two hundred

years in the possession of one powerful family; during a great part of which period, the succession passed through the hands of my usurpers, who, retaining regular bishops to act for them, as suffragans, continued to enjoy the church livings themselves. Thus, while the clergy of other countries were ambitiously extending the range of their jurisdiction, and aiming at honours and possessions beyond their due sphere, those of Ireland, on the contrary, lowered from their true station, found themselves deprived of emoluments and dignities legitimately their own."

Without adopting to its full extent Dr. Phenian's theory, that the Irish prelates sold the independence of their country to gain influence and power, such as was possessed by the bishops in other parts of Europe, it may readily be believed that they would gladly embrace any means by which the estates of the Church could be rescued from the grasp of the laity, the claim of tithes enforced by the secular arm, and ecclesiastical privileges and immunities rendered as extensive in Ireland as they were in the most orthodox regions. There is no proof that Henry was instigated by the Irish clergy to make his celebrated application to Pope Adrian, or that the pontiff consulted the priesthood of the land, whose allegiance he so unceremoniously transferred; but there is evidence in abundance to show that Henry rested his claims on the papal grants, and that those claims were zealously supported by the Irish prelacy. Some writers have inferred that Adrian's bull was known to the Irish clergy from the first, and they ground their belief on the multiplication of synods and provincial councils in the interval between the date of that document and the arrival of Strongbow. Mr. Moore, on the contrary, maintains that it was unknown until a later period, because the Irish records do not contain any allusion to its existence. But, assuredly, the prelacy and priesthood would not publicly discuss a matter of so delicate a nature, until a sufficient force was near to protect them from the anger of the native princes; and the manner in which Adrian's bull was received by the synods of Cashel and Waterford seems to prove that the Irish bishops acted on foregone conclusions.

The negotiations for the lordship of Ireland between the Plantagenet and the Pope are established; those between the potentates and the Irish prelacy are subject to great doubt and uncertainty; both might probably have been inoperative had not a civil war between two petty sovereigns drove the vanquished to seek the aid of foreign auxiliaries.

Dermot Mac-Murchad, king of Leinster, the memorable author of this treason, had long been distinguishing for his fierce activity and courage in those scenes of turbulence which the state of the country had then rendered familiar. He had, even so early as the year 1140, excited a general feeling of horror throughout the kingdom, by treacherously seizing, at once, seventeen of the principal nobles of Leinster, and having some of the number put to death, while of the remainder he ordered the eyes to be plucked out. Between this prince and Tiernan O'Ruare, the lord of Breffny, a territory in the eastern part of Connaught, a hostile feeling had early arisen, to which the constant collision of their respective clans and interests gave every day increased bitterness; and, at length, an event, in which Dervorgilla, the fair wife of O'Ruare, was guiltily involved, raised this animosity to a degree of manœuvre which was only with their respective lives extinguished."

But the blame of the subsequent evils produced by the Norman invasion is very unfairly heaped upon Dermot; he sought only his restoration to his own dominions, and his auxiliaries would have been dismissed when that service was performed, or they would have been blended with the mass of the population, had not the independence of Ireland been previously bar-

gained away. With the exception of an error in the date, Mr. O'Connell's description of the first landing of the English is as accurate as it is eloquent—"It was on the evening of the 23rd of August, 1172, that the first hostile English footstep pressed the soil of Ireland. It is said to have been a sweet and mild evening when the invading party entered the noble estuary formed by the conflux of the Suir, the Nore, and the Barrow, at the city of Waterford. Accursed be that day in the memory of all future generations of Irishmen, when the invaders first touched our shores. They came to a nation famous for its love of learning, its piety, and its heroism,—they came when internal dissensions separated her sons, and wasted their energies. Internal traitors led on the invaders—her sons fell in no fight—her liberties were crushed in no battle; but domestic treason and foreign invaders doomed Ireland to seven centuries of oppression."—*Irish Papers, Nov. 17, 1826.*

Mr. O'Connell has not named the traitors; but Mr. Moore's account of the synod of Cashel not only points them out, but also reveals the price of their treason. At this assembly the Irish prelates decreed—

"1. That all the faithful throughout Ireland should contract and observe lawful marriages, rejecting those with their relations, either by consanguinity or affinity. 2. That infants should be catechised before the doors of the church, and baptised in the holy font in the baptismal churches. 3. That all the faithful should pay the tithe of animals, corn, and other produce to the church of which they are parishioners. 4. That all ecclesiastical lands, and property connected with them, be quite exempt from the exactions of all laymen. And especially, that neither the petty kings, nor counts, nor any powerful men in Ireland, nor their sons with their families, should exact, as was usual, victuals and hospitality, or entertainments, in the ecclesiastical districts, or presume to extort them by force; and that the detestable food or contributions which used to be required four times in the year, by the neighbouring counts, from farms belonging to the churches, should not be claimed any more."

Henry's general policy was to curtail rather than extend ecclesiastical power; he adopted a different course in Ireland, only because he found the clergy useful instruments in establishing and supporting his authority. Tithes, as Mr. Moore justly remarks, were "his lasting bribe to the church." We find, however, that even at this early period, such an impost was odious to the Irish, and its collection as steadily resisted when attempted by the Catholic as by the Protestant clergyman,—the only difference being, that the former had the support of British spears, and the latter of British bayonets.

Ireland was sold, not conquered.

Hence, the confused and discordant relations in which the two races inhabiting her shores necessarily stood towards each other,—the one assuming the rights of conquest, without any power to enforce them; the other pretending to independence, with a foreign intruder in the very heart of the land: while, to add to all this confusion, there prevailed in the country two different codes of laws, between whose constantly conflicting ordinances the wretched people were kept distracted, while their unprincipled rulers had recourse indifferently to one or the other, according as it suited the temporary purposes of apportion or revenge."

Had not Henry been harassed by the rebellions of his unworthy sons, the truculent Richard, and the unworthy John, he would probably have secured the influence of the English crown over its new acquisitions; but, forced to keep an incessant watch over the machinations of his own family, he was compelled to abandon Ireland to adventurers eager to carve out estates with their swords, and ready to purchase absolution from a venal clergy by a share of their plunder. The country, thus assigned to the care of the aristocracy and the hierarchy, presented all the miseries that can arise from unsettled government. If the Irish princes had at any time combined, they could easily have expelled the intruders; but they indulged their petty animosities most furiously when the opportunities for delivering their country were most favourable; and even encouraged the common enemy, to weaken their rivals.

"While some of the natives were thus bringing disgrace on the Irish name, the English colonists had begun, even thus early, to exhibit symptoms of that state of degeneracy and insubordination into which at a later period we shall find them so shamefully sunk. The independent position assumed by De Courcy on his usurped territory, setting at defiance the delegate of royalty,—the spectacle of English soldiers opposed to each other in the ranks of contending Irish chieftains,—these and a few other such anomalies, which began to present themselves, at this period, were but the foretaste of evils inevitably yet to come; the first stirring of embryo mischiefs which time and circumstances brought, at a later period, to baneful maturity."

We have briefly sketched the circumstances that united England and Ireland under one sovereign, and it requires little consideration to discover that they were such as to render future calamities inevitable. Ireland fell into the hands of two local oligarchs; its nominal monarch had no power to restrain the barons or the clergy, and both, during a long succession of ages, combined to exclude the Irish from the blessings of British protection and British law.

This volume only brings us down to the death of the last Irish monarch; we regret that so disproportionate a space has been devoted to the mythic period of the Irish annals; the history of Ireland under the English dominion is the portion most important to the statesman, and most interesting to the general reader.

TRAVELS IN ENGLAND BY FOREIGNERS.

Anteckningar i anledning, af en resa till England, &c. Carl af Forsell. Stockholm, Hörberg; London, Black & Co.

Aus dem Tagebuch, eines in Grossbritannien reisenden Ungarn. Pesth, Heckenast; London, Black & Co.

In point of real value there can be no comparison between these two books, and yet it is from that which we pronounce decidedly the inferior that we shall offer to our readers the most extracts. Of the Swede, Carl af Forsell, we have heretofore made honourable mention—giving him great, but only due praise, for the information he afforded us respecting Sweden,—and such praise, merely changing the *venue*, might be repeated on the present occasion. Forsell's Notes on England must be invaluable to such of his countrymen as are desirous of knowing England; but we are not quite reduced to seek a sketch of our national history, statistical details of our native land, the working of our several late reforms, or even accounts of our charitable institutions (which engrossed his attention), in the notes of a Swedish traveller. Forsell came hither chiefly to study our infant schools—one of the kind having just failed at Stockholm; he inquired much, saw much, and saw wisely; and he carefully examines the fitness of what he heard and saw for adoption in Sweden, where his book, we doubt not, will effect much good; but, except the following short remarks on manufacturing systems and our manufacturers, we find nothing to extract.

If a manufacturing population be considered under a moral, or rather a physical, as well as an economical aspect, the question is that people happy, which is doomed to the daily, monthly, yearly,—ay, to the lifelong single occupation, e. g. of attending a spinning jenny or a power loom? presses on the

mind. The same question may be asked when we see a blacksmith incessantly hammering red-hot sparkling iron, or descend into the dark entrails of the mountain, to the miners, who, from year's end to year's end dig minerals by torch-light. With regard to these trades, in Sweden at least, almost every man has his little cabbage or potato garden, so that he is not altogether without change of occupation. The same thing exists in many parts of Great Britain—as in Fifeshire and Kinross-shire in Scotland, where the linen-weavers invariably have their little garden and their potato ground, many even keeping a cow or a pig; and their moral feelings, as well as their physical condition, are thought to be beneficially influenced by this blending of country business with the monotony of manufacturing labour.

It is evident that this system can hardly be introduced into large manufacturing towns; and what efforts ought to be made, in order, even there, by similar means, to improve the condition of the numerous manufacturing population, is evidently a very nice question. An increased security against that population amidst the distress arising from the vicissitudes to which manufactures are liable, might thus be obtained.

Many persons of lively and apprehensive imaginations conceive the English manufacturing population to be altogether dangerous, and ready, sooner or later, for rebellion, importing the utter overthrow of the social edifice. Such fears show little knowledge of that population. They are more really enlightened than is supposed, and see clearly that none would suffer more than themselves by such an overthrow. They will meet an unfavourable crisis, and even bear want, with firmness and prudence; if they become unruly, if real cause for apprehension occur, the exasperation arises from other wounds—from far other causes than deficient wages.

We now take leave of our Swedish traveller, with the sincere wish that he would visit the rest of the world—at least of its civilized portion—and give us such information respecting other countries as he has here published respecting England—meanwhile we turn to the less interesting, but more amusing Hungarian.

This traveller came to England, as he tells us, against his will, when he was longing for Asiatic skies and Asiatic anti-Europeanism—a frame of mind that gives double value to the approbation he afterwards bestows on our country and countrymen. We extract some of his remarks: he says—

The poor stranger! In this England he at length becomes strange even to himself; he must take leave of prejudices, esteemed from his childhood indisputable truths; he must learn to understand and combine what has hitherto appeared to him incomprehensible and incompatible. He is in a country where everything is new to him, where life itself has a different colour: the sea that girdles Britain has something of a Lethaean nature, and washes away the ideas brought from the continent. In England we visit a nation that, in point of political progress, is far advanced beyond all other nations; we visit the land of reform, and we find conservative manners, customs consecrated by ages, a system of immobility which, banished from politics, has taken refuge in the realm of fashion. What was my surprise during the first week of my stay, to see, at Ascot Heath races, the ladies in the stands and in the equipages wearing precisely the same head-dress that I remembered in English prints from my earliest youth. Yet more agreeable to me was my next remark, that beauty still continued to be, as of old, the rule amongst Englishwomen, and not, as on the continent, the exception.

We know not whether the compliment contained in the last sentence will alone to our fair countrywomen for the preceding intelligence, of the utter failure of their diligent endeavours—to which the pockets of their fathers and husbands bear witness—to follow the ever-varying fashions of France. But to return. After comparing our horse-races to the Roman games of the Circus, our traveller observes:—

London is the modern Rome, and the English the

offspring of the Roman genius. Like the Romans, the English collect all that is grand into a metropolis of the world, and imitate what resists their gold and their iron. Here, as there, social and private life is crushed by public life. Both nations, powerful in war, hate the sight of the soldier, and banish him from the capital, where the staves of unarmed lictors and constables suffice to maintain tranquillity and enforce respect for the law. Among the English, as among the Romans, the education of the body keeps pace with that of the mind—both well knowing that man is not pure spirit; that it is precisely the union of spirit with body which constitutes man. Both nations are lovers of the Arts from fashion—collectors from pride: their entertainments they find more in what they wonder at, than in what should be enjoyed: the drama attracts them less than Circensian games, horse-races, or the sanguinary contests of gladiators and boxers. The sense of the beautiful is generally wanting amongst the English, as it was amongst the Romans; but the grandeur of both nations raises them far above all others. In them we see human nature in the maturity of manhood; and the motto of the Roman—

Excedunt alii spirantia mollis cera,
Tu regere imperio populos—memento,

applies equally to the Englishman.

Long as we islanders have been accustomed to groan or to smile under the vituperative cognomen of Carthaginians, it is really somewhat gratifying to find ourselves suddenly metamorphosed into Romans—and we turned over our Hungarian's pages with augmented complacency. As before said, they are less instructive than the Swede's; but if not very profound, we think some of his views original, some just, and others amusing. From these we select a few more extracts:—

As there are sounds in the English language unpronounceable by foreign organs, because they exist not in the other languages of Europe, so are there words untranslateable, because the ideas they represent are elsewhere unknown. Such a word is Comfort: no language offers its exact equivalent—French the least of any; because the restive, vain, drawing-room life of France is especially adverse to the notion of comfort. The German has a word that comes near it—to wit, *behaglichkeit*: the difference of signification between the two is not very great, but the German *behaglichkeit* may be said to bear much the same relation to the English 'comfort,' as the well-stuffed, old-fashioned arm-chair, standing by the warm stove, in a clean-scoured room, lighted with a pair of candles, bears to the crowd of variously-shaped elastic chairs and sofas scattered in fair confusion over the rich carpet that covers the whole floor, whilst the coals glowing quietly in the basket of the polished steel chimney, maintains an equable temperature, and the clean gas-light illuminates the apartment from the branches of the lustre.

• • Comfort characterizes the whole existence of the Englishman:—it appears in his small house just sufficient for a single family, in his abundant breakfast, his excellent beef, his roomy bed,—even in his political opinions. Comfort is the chief source of that conservative spirit which governs the majority of Englishmen, and which is wholly misunderstood by those who see in it a protest against liberty. It is simply a protest against change,—a defence of what is, through dread of alterations, always uncomfortable in the first instance. But the contest, if it continue too long, becomes in the end more troublesome than the innovation; and thus, it was the Tories themselves who effected the long-resisted Catholic emancipation. • • The Radical, on the contrary, sees life only in movement; he knows that Nature, by incessant change, gains rejuvenescence. The Whig would bring men and the times more gradually into unison; for he knows that it is better to give a little often than to sacrifice much at once, • • and therefore is he even more odious to the impatient Radical than the Tory himself.

This view of Conservatism is, to us at least, whatever may be thought of its justice, perfectly new, and discovers a turn for original observation in our travelling Hungarian. We shall add another extract or two, relative to the English aristocracy—the peculiar nature of which, as

opposed to the continental aristocracy, he seems to have better appreciated than any other foreigner who has fallen in our way; and conclude with a few lines acquitting the English nation of the accustomed charge of want of due value for women, in a way that must be most acceptable to Englishmen or Englishwomen:—

The extraordinary civility of the English whom we are constantly meeting in our rambles over the country, and which so strangely contrasts with the extreme reserve of this people towards each other, is a proof that aristocracy is too deeply rooted in the national life to be destroyed, even by such a storm as that under Cromwell. It is respect for nobility, and fear to pain any one by plebeian expressions, that closes the Englishman's mouth, which, once opened, he is as communicative and conversable as the native of any other civilized country.

Part of this theory we do not perfectly comprehend; but no matter:—our next extract shall be plainer:—

In France, the battle has always been against the persons; in England, against the principles of the aristocracy. In France, the nobility was completely separated from the people—even in Paris, living secluded from the popular sight and noise: the palace of the noble, built between the court and the garden, presented to the street only a naked wall, that prohibited even a glimpse of the interior. But the people, exasperated by this complete separation, broke into the sanctuary whence they were excluded, and destroyed the palace on which they were forbidden to look. In England, on the contrary, personality has nothing to do with principles; and the most glaring contradictions in this respect are, in fact, the order of the day. The wildest Radical never transgresses the aristocratical forms of society: the most incarnate Tory would never think of arrogantly recoiling from contact with the people; and England's most liberal nobleman, the Earl of Durham, is the haughtiest peer in the three insular kingdoms. In France, the incorporated aristocracy fell, head by head, under the axe of the guillotine; whilst in England, without blood or tears, the principle falls,—one intellectual power conquered by another and greater intellectual power. In France, the nobility allied itself indissolubly with the court, a chasm yawned between it and the people, and its fall dragged down the monarchy with itself. In England, on the contrary, the peerage is connected with the people by the untitled younger sons of the peers; its interests were never exclusively the interests of the court, and the House of Lords has adhered faithfully to its principles; opposing alike the prerogative of the crown, and the democratic will of the people,—never identifying itself with a sovereign dynasty. Hence has every change in the constitution been slowly effected by moral energy, a revolution like the French being impossible.

Now for appreciation of English female dignity and character:—

In a clean inn (on one of the Western Isles), we found strong tea, according to the English fashion, and good lodgings, after having strolled awhile along the shore and on the heights, pursued, as in Italy, by merry, begging children. The inn belonged to two pretty sisters, who had lost both their parents; but although they now had to receive as guests a dozen young men, everything proceeded with a degree of decency possible only in England, where female dignity is so highly respected.

The Historical Antiquities of the Greeks. From the German of W. Wachsmuth, Professor of History in the University of Leipzig. Translated by W. E. Woolrych, Esq. Talboys, Oxford.

SINCE the foundation of the sceptical Antiquarian school by Niebuhr, the early histories of Greece and Rome have been investigated with great zeal and diligence by many German professors, but by few with such prudence and caution as Wachsmuth. Too many of Niebuhr's followers have begun by discarding every received account, and laboured to supply the place of established history by a fanciful narrative,

based on inferences from fragments and detached passages, which are so conveniently elastic, that they may be made to support any theory, or justify any assertion. It has happened in history as in geography—the half-known and the unknown regions are deemed the proper domains for ingenuity to exercise itself: the interior of Africa and the heroic ages of Greece, the course of the Niger and the Dorian migration, being beyond the pale of certainty, fancy claims them as her own, and peoples them with the creatures of forced analogy, or pure hypothesis. Such charms has this display of perverted ingenuity for many continental scholars, that they have even removed the old and established landmarks of history to make way for their own vagaries in the *terra incognita*; their scepticism has run into dogmatism; they demand that we should doubt, with as little reason as their predecessors called upon us to believe.

But the very extravagance of the school which Niebuhr founded, is beginning to work out a corrective remedy: few now will venture to maintain, that the frame-work of the Roman society is to be sought in fragments of heroic lays, because sober examination shows that the Romans were essentially an unpoetic people; and the fact of colonies from Phoenicia and Egypt aiding in developing Grecian civilization, is less strenuously denied, as the monuments of the latter country begin to develop the extent of early navigation.

Wachsmuth has been an efficient agent in producing this beneficial change. Though he has not quite escaped from the temptation to write conjectural history, he has passed over the ground lightly, and hastened from speculation to fact. His first chapter is devoted to an examination of the physical geography of Greece; and the inferences he deduces from the actual structure of the land throw considerable light upon the social condition of the people. Having then examined the state of society in the heroic age, and the changes consequent on the Dorian migration, he proceeds to investigate the mighty struggle between oligarchy and democracy, which forms the substance of Grecian history, from the overthrow of Xerxes to the triumph of Philip. We have too frequently and too recently directed the attention of our readers to this important contest, to enter again on its consideration; but we cannot avoid noticing that Wachsmuth has missed the capital error in the brilliant administration of Pericles. "Ships, colonies, and commerce," were the objects of this great man's policy; but he also laboured to unite a spirit of military adventure with the extension of trade, forgetting, or not knowing, that the soldier makes a very indifferent merchant, and the merchant a still worse soldier. His ambition was to make Athens supreme, equally in arts and arms; but the world had not then learned the danger of indulging a passion for military glory, nor the hazards incurred by a free people, when the same person becomes a warrior and a statesman.

Wachsmuth defends Aristophanes from the charge of being a patron of the oligarchy; it was the popular passion for war, rather than the constitution of the democracy, which provoked the indignation of the satirist: he saw his countrymen, for the sake of uncertain laurels, submitting to the extortions of contractors, diplomats, and leaders of secret expeditions; he endeavoured to rescue, not the nobles, but the middle classes, from the yoke imposed upon them by the demagogues; and he showed that the allowances to the dicsasts, the distributions of corn, &c. were, like the abuses of our own old Poor Laws, bribes to engage the lowest class in support of a system of state extravagance. Aristophanes was, indeed, the true friend of the

democracy, when he showed that indulging a passion for war would be fatal to public liberty.

We must also mention, with praise, Wachsmuth's exposure of the selfish policy of Sparta, especially under the administration of Agesilaus. He tears away the veil which the eloquence of the renegade Xenophon had thrown round the character of that great enemy of popular freedom, and distinctly traces the crimes and the errors of his unprincipled policy. He is less successful in delineating the character of the Macedonian Philip; and we think that he has omitted many important parts of the new political system established after the battle of Chaeroneia.

Next to Heeren's researches, we regard Wachsmuth's *Antiquities* as the most valuable of the recent acquisitions to our historical lore. The translation is executed with spirit and care: it is manifestly the work of one who is master of the subject as well as the language.

Letters on Iceland—[*Lettres sur l'Islande*].
By X. Marmier. Paris, Bonnier; London, Dulau.

ICELAND is, in every sense, a barren spot. The passions and interests of its scanty band of inhabitants are confined within extremely narrow limits, and have little variety. All their movements are guided by routine; and a kind of dull twilight monotony pervades the social as well as physical picture of the island. Yet there is no spot on the earth's surface so trodden as not to seem teeming with novelties, if he who surveys it can only apply himself to his task with a fresh stock of intelligence. There is no social group so torpid and inanimate, as not to reflect back, in some degree, the mind of him who converses with it. So long as the art of observing continues to advance, every new age must have its new corps of observers. The industrious travellers of the last century, particularly the Danes, Olafsson and Paulsen, examined Iceland with a minute and patient curiosity, that appeared to exhaust all the wonders of the place; nevertheless, they left behind a large stock of information to be gleaned in the present century by Mackenzie and Hooker; and the geologists, we dare say, have not yet done with the island. Thus, the torch of science, moving onward, continually exhibits the earth in new and unexpected lights, and sheds fresh and never-failing interest on the scenes most familiar to our eyes.

In 1833, the Chamber of Commerce of Dunkerque addressed a petition to the French Minister of the Marine, praying that a ship of war might be sent to cruise off the coast of Iceland, to protect their fisheries in the north. This request was at once complied with, and a brig of war, *La Lilloise*, was for that purpose placed under the command of M. Jules de Blosseville, a young officer of the highest promise, who had distinguished himself by his zeal and ability in Duperrey's voyage round the world in the *Coquille*, and who had, for some time, cherished the most ardent desire to follow in the tracks of Parry and Franklin, and improve the hydrography of the Northern Seas. In July, 1833, the *Lilloise* sailed from Dunkerque. In August, M. de Blosseville sent home some sketches of parts of the eastern coast of Greenland, which he had visited,—or rather had described, for it is evident that he had never reached the land. "It was his wish," says M. Marmier, "to go on shore, and endeavour to penetrate to the place occupied by the ancient Danish colonies." From that time, there have been no further tidings of the *Lilloise*, nor have any fragments been picked up in the Greenland Seas, calculated to confirm completely the fact of her destruction, of which, nevertheless, there can remain but little doubt. It is to be feared,

that M. de Blosseville, who was all hope and courage, incited by the erroneous belief that the ancient Danish colonies were situated on the east coast of Greenland, (see *Athenæum*, No. 504, p. 456,) approached inadvertently that ice-bound coast, and was crushed by the drifting icebergs, or, allowing himself to be frozen in, perished by the rigour of the climate.

The following year, the *Bordelaise* was despatched in quest of the *Lilloise*, but without success. In 1835, M. Trehouart took the command of the corvette *La Recherche*, with a like commission. He examined, through a great extent, the barrier of ice which lines the eastern coast of Greenland, and even approached within fifteen leagues of the shore at the point where Captain Graah's survey terminated; but he could nowhere discover the slightest trace of the unfortunate *Lilloise*. This disappointment, however, in the main object of the expedition, was, in some measure, compensated by the rich collection of objects of natural history brought home from Iceland by MM. Gaimard and Robert, who had accompanied it as naturalists; and, consequently, when, in the succeeding year, the *Recherche* was again fitted out to continue the inquiries respecting the fate of Blosseville and his companions, a large band of savans, under the able guidance of M. Gaimard, were selected to proceed in her for the philosophical survey of the north; botany, geology, meteorology, and magnetism, had each its separate professor, and, adds our author, "the French Academy was pleased to make me the offer of the literary commission: I accepted it with gratitude." The volume before us was written in fulfilment of this commission, and to it we shall now turn our attention, previously stating our regret that the expedition of 1836 was quite as unsuccessful in its attempts to discover the fate of the *Lilloise* as those which preceded it.

M. Marmier's book may possibly be the promising *coup d'essai* of a young writer, and so far justify the choice made of him by the French Academy; but, considered in its positive merits, it is slight and superficial in the extreme. It is not worth a man's while to journey to Iceland, in order to make a sketch, which, after all, looks only like a faint reflection of what has been so vividly delineated by Henderson, Mackenzie, and others. The manufacture of trivial books of travels ought to be left to those *amateurs* who, when they make a voyage, feel themselves called on to acquaint the public with that notable fact, and to raise a monument of their self-satisfaction in the shape of a volume or two. From the ordinary character of this latter kind of production, M. Marmier's volume differs in nothing but the air of accomplishment which pervades it, and in the modesty which prevents the author from figuring prominently as the hero of his own narrative. But delicacy and refinement are not incapable of growing dull, and we rather agree with the adepts who hold, that a shallow book is always the better for a little pertness.

On the ninth day after leaving the coast of France, the *Recherche* anchored in the harbour of Reykiavik, on the western side of the island. This little capital, containing about 700 inhabitants, displays a line of comfortable houses belonging to Danish merchants, ranged along the shore, with a number of Icelandic cabins scattered behind and on either side of them. M. Marmier, who appears to have been humanely disposed to welcome every favourable impression, complains most feelingly of the odious smell which invaded his nostrils the moment he set foot on Iceland. He has our condolence and hearty sympathy. We have inhaled that insupportable fish-out-of-water odour which poisons the atmosphere of every fishing station, and caution those of our readers who have fasti-

dous olfactories, not to count on pleasure in snuffing the tainted gales of the Western Isles. They will find the offended sense rise in dire rebellion against their philosophy. The heather (punning apart) will smell like ling; the fresh turf, if they chance to tread on such, will emit a putrid oleaginous odour; even the sea-breeze will seem to them to come loaded with train oil: nay, the perfume of the opening rose itself, in such a situation, would seem "a very ancient and fish-like smell."

The country round Reykiavik is an unvaried desert plain, totally divested of those charms of scenery which might, in some degree, counterbalance the fetid atmosphere of the place. But these physical disadvantages were soon lost sight of by our author, when his eye seized the amenities of the social circle. The following is a pleasing picture of primitive simplicity joined to civilization:—

The next day, we went to visit the bishop, who inhabits a pretty house near the sea-side. There were, formerly, two bishoprics in Iceland, one at Hoolum, the other at Skalholt. They were both united to form the bishopric of Reykiavik in 1797. Mr. Steingrimr Jonsson, who at present fills the episcopal stall, is a man advanced in years, of great learning, formerly Professor of Theology in the University of Bessastad, and who still preserves, in his more elevated situation, the love of study which animated him while Professor. I found with him a good library of foreign works, a rich collection of Icelandic Sagas, rare editions, and manuscript memoirs relative to the history of the country.

Mr. Steingrimr received us with all the cordiality of a Northman. While he was doing the honours of his drawing-room—while he was zealously showing us his books and manuscripts, speaking in turns Latin with one of us, Danish with another, English with a third, his wife was herself preparing the coffee, the port wine and choice beer, which the mistress of a house in Iceland always keeps in reserve for strangers. This visit was, besides, especially interesting to the bishop as well as to us. M. Gaimard had sent him, the evening before, a number of presents in the name of the King and the Minister of the Navy, and we were assisting to arrange the various articles in the episcopal apartments. I cannot describe the ingenuous glee with which the worthy old man looked at the velvet chair which was intended for himself, and the cups of Sèvres porcelain ranged on the shelves and mantel-piece. It was quite another thing when one of our party pulled the string of a clock which we had also brought him, and the instrument began to play the overture to Zampa and one of our popular waltzes. Then off he ran, with the joy of a child, to call his wife; with his wife came the daughter of one of his friends; the servant women, afraid to come in, clustered round the door, and behind them, the clown of all work, or farm servant, stood on the tips of his toes, straining himself to get a peep at the magical instrument. The whole formed a picture full of grace, and from which Wilkie would have gladly borrowed the details—Greuze, the open and engaging countenances. We thus spent two hours, looking over the literary treasures of the bishop, conversing with him on Iceland, which he knew well, and on its history, which he knew still better, and we went away delighted with his hospitality.

The merit of hospitality in Iceland can be justly estimated by those only who take into consideration the general poverty of the people. In that country, where superfluity is hardly known, the stranger is always sure of receiving, without remuneration, the best fare which the house or the humble cabin can afford. The dwellings of the great majority of the Icelanders are turf-built huts, roofed with sods. The chief aim of their construction being to exclude cold, they are of small dimensions; the walls are four or five feet thick; the windows barely suffice to admit a dim ray of light, and the narrow door is approached by a long winding passage, through which one must crawl rather than walk. The roofs are so low, that the young children

are often set on them to play in summer; and Mr. Henderson relates, that travelling through Iceland in the winter season, when the snow was on the ground, he sometimes had the misfortune to ride over the dwellings. It is not in edifices of this kind that sacrifices are made to cleanliness.

Here, then, in these murky hovels, live the Icelanders, during a great part of the year, on rancid butter and fish-heads—for the bodies of the fish, too precious for home consumption, are dried for exportation. When the fishing season approaches, in February, the men, to the number of four or five thousand, flock down to Reykiavik, and the south-western coasts of the island, many of them coming a distance of two hundred miles in the depth of winter, and, venturing to sea in their frail boats, carry on the fishery for three months, after which they return to their respective homes. But, ere long, the arrival of the Danish merchants with their annual supply of corn, cloth, and other necessaries, calls them again to Reykiavik, and thither they trudge, from all parts of the island, to exchange their butter and hard-earned stock of fish for a few comforts.

The hardships of the Icelanders' life M. Marmier learned altogether from hearsay, for he remained on the island only during the summer (he arrived in May), and therefore witnessed the occupations of the people only in a season of comparative ease and enjoyment. Yet it is remarkable, that while he is at much pains to sketch with spirit, and to tint in poetic colours, those labours and privations of an Icelandic winter which he had only heard of, he takes no notice whatever of some curious characteristic particulars which he might, or rather must, have seen, and which sparkle on the sunny side of the picture. Why does he not mention, for instance, that when the sun, approaching the summer solstice, barely sinks at midnight below the horizon, the heat of the day in Iceland becomes intolerable, and the Icelanders, yielding himself up to luxurious ease and a long siesta during the noontide hours, labours only during the night? Thus, all the work of the hay harvest is performed at night, or rather while the sun revolves near the horizon, and opposite to the meridian. Nor is this a trifling change to the Icelanders. The sleep during the warm hours, and the easy labour in a temperate atmosphere, under a mild delicious light, with a clear sky above, and a half-illumined ocean reposing below them, form a combination of enjoyments, which they are proud to believe is not afforded by any climate but that of their native land.

There is another summer employment of the Icelanders which ought to have forcibly attracted the attention of M. Marmier. We mean, the business of collecting the *lichen islandicus*, or Iceland moss, which devolves wholly on the women. These, quitting their homes for a short time in summer, wander in small bands, under the care of experienced matrons, to the wild, unfrequented deserts of the interior, where they pitch their tents in the midst of the grandest scenery; and, when they have collected the moss, relinquish with pain the charms of the nomade life, and the unrestrained liberty of nature. Since the human heart, ever fluctuating between hopes and regrets, is so deeply susceptible of the impressions of contrast, it is obvious that the change from the long nights of the northern winter to the uninterrupted daylight of the summer, and from the confinement of the cabin to the tent and the vast solitude, must exert a powerful moral influence on a people like the Icelanders, whose minds are sufficiently cultivated to allow the development of the sentiments engendered by strong impressions. These exciting alternations, from the extreme of

light to that of darkness—from the torpor of the mole to the gaiety of the butterfly, go far to explain the Icelanders' attachment to his native land, which, to the eye of a stranger, seems a land of wretchedness. As a froward child, from continually engaging its mother's attention, often ends by holding the first place in her affections, so the succession of petty cares, which, by ministering fresh stimulus, agreeably chequer human life, is frequently a chief cause of local attachments.

Among the employments of the Icelanders, there is one which, though highly amusing in all its history, has, singularly enough, escaped the notice of most of those northern tourists who have written solely for amusement. We mean, that of stealing the down from the nests of the Eider ducks. Both from its relation to Natural History, and because it supplies an important article of trade, the business of robbing the Eider duck's nest is a subject from which the intelligent observer could easily bring home a large fund of interesting details. But the mossy plains and mantling cliffs have enticed us far away from our author, to whom we shall now return.

M. Marmier seems to have thought, with most of his precursors, that Iceland offers little worth the trouble of personal examination, besides Hecla, and the Geysers or boiling fountains; and accordingly he soon set forth to visit those natural curiosities. His route lay over a bleak and desolate country, as fatiguing to describe as to look upon. But still there occur on that road such proofs of amazing natural convulsions, as well deserved the passing notice of our author. Such, for instance, are rents or deep chasms in the lava extending many miles in length, and what the geologists call slips, where the rocky mass, splitting in its whole length, sinks down on the one side, and presents on the other a frowning precipice. But our author, intent only on historical recollections or dreams of poetry, was unconscious of the scene around till he came to Thingvalla, that is, the valley of the thing or council, one of the most interesting spots in all Iceland. The entrance to it is by a difficult winding path, down a narrow gully or ravine; below are seen cascades, a lake in the recesses of the hollow, and the little church of Thingvalla; above and around tower rocks and mountains in the wildest confusion. In ancient times, this romantic glen was the place of general assembly for the administration of justice and for other public business. But how often are the visions of the past marred by the touch of reality!

While we were encamped (says M. Marmier,) in the middle of the valley, we saw a man approach us whose clothing and exterior had the stamp of misery, and who asked us, in a jargon compounded of Latin, Danish, and Icelandic, if we wanted to purchase mire or fish. This was the priest of Thingvalla. The lot of the clergy in this country is lamentable, much worse than that of the Irish clergy, who have been the objects of so much pity. They get nothing from government; their whole dependence is on the enjoyment of the farm belonging to the church, and a fourth of the tithes payable by their parish. They are bound to support the widows of deceased incumbents, and, when disabled by old age or infirmities, they are obliged to share their slender revenues with assistant chaplains. Small fees, also, for the performance of certain rites, are paid to them by the peasants in fish and butter. There are some churches, the whole revenue of which, tithe, farm, and fees taken together, does not exceed from three to four pounds sterling per annum. The parish of Thingvalla is one of this description. Unable to support himself on such slender resources, the priest is obliged to work like the poorest peasant in his district. He cultivates his farm, shooes his horses, fishes, and is, during six days in the week, a fisherman and

peasant—on the seventh he puts on the surplice, and preaches to his parishioners. The worst of it is, that with this life of labour, the priest at last comes to resemble exactly the boatmen with whom he spends most of his time. As he works like them, so he also learns to drink brandy like them; he forgets the dignity of his cloth, and if on a Sunday he preaches patience and sobriety, it is hard to say how his hearers can keep their countenances.

The dwelling of the priest of Thingvalla was more filthy and wretched than any of the peasants' dwellings which we had hitherto seen.... We spent the night in the church, which is the usual place of refuge for travellers who, in bad weather, cannot sleep under a tent. The church, besides, is considered an appendage of the priest's farm: thither he goes when he wants to write; there his wife hangs her yarn, and whatever trifles strangers pay for leave to spend a night or two under its roof is his emoluments.

Leaving Thingvalla, our author arrived, in two days, at the Geysers, or *raging springs*; but the great Geyser, which has sometimes shot up to the height of 360 feet, was then inactive, and it was only by throwing stones into the spring called the Strokr that a feeble eruption could be provoked. M. Marmier, who is learned in Icelandic, tells us that the word *strokr* means a pyramid; but, in truth, the boiling fountain is not named the Strokr from any resemblance which it bears to a pyramid, but because in its sound, and the regularity of its strokes, it resembles a *churn*, which is the original signification of the term.

On reaching the foot of Hecla, our author and his party encountered all the difficulties that were calculated to enhance the merit of their enterprise. Storms of wind and snow entered into unnatural alliance with thick mists and rain, to baffle the travellers. The guide took fright, and refused to proceed, but his French companions first coaxed him on to one point, then to another, till at last they reached the highest summit; when lo! "on a sudden the curtain of the clouds was torn asunder," says our author, "the azure heaven reappeared, and the sun's beams burst forth into space," so that he was enabled to see—nothing at all, if we may judge from the vague generality of his language, which dwells on a few distant points, learned evidently from a map; he certainly did not see the crater, which must have been somewhere near him; nor in the little that he says of Hecla is there a particle that bears the character of autopsy. The following sample of his style of observation will serve as our apology for not extracting more largely from his pages:—

All was sad, silent as the desert, deep as the abyss. No sound was to be heard, not a living being, not a plant offered itself to our eyes. One might have said that nature was dead, wrapt in night, sunk in chaos.

Poetry is the eloquence of a youthful state of society. The freshness of life elates it, and urges it forward to court the impressions of the external world. It is the very essence of the poetic nature, however rich may be its internal resources, to be ever covetous of the sensations of real existence. However abundant may be the springs within, the dews which replenish them are without. It is by thus conversing frequently and intimately with nature that the poet is enabled to give all his airy nothings the semblance of reality. But M. Marmier appears to be of the school of those who hold the secret of poetic writing to lie in a dainty antique phraseology, and in puffing maudlin sentiments into *soufflées*, so as to give the merest imitation a transcendental and very original appearance. In Homer's time, a poet never scorned to see what was beneath his feet, but he sang nature loudly in proportion as he saw it clearly. Not so M. Marmier. He saw Hecla only when it was in

the horizon, and saw nothing but the horizon when on the summit of Hecla.

If our author's volume offers evidence in its composition of a vicious poetic taste, it is also, considered as mere prose, replete with gross inaccuracies. Thus he tells us that the volcanoes of Iceland have lain dormant since the end of the last century, (he means since 1783,) whereas an eruption of Hecla took place in 1818, only eighteen years before he visited it. Now it is remarkable, that when Sir G. Mackenzie ascended Hecla with great labour, in 1810, after its fires had been suppressed for seven and twenty years, he found the summit of the volcano to be a ridge of slags too hot to be handled below the surface. We need hardly add, that it was quite free from snow. But M. Marmier, who climbed the same volcano only eighteen years after one of its most furious eruptions, trod, as far as we can perceive, on nothing but snow. It is true that he ascended the mountain enveloped in a cloud much thicker, though less ambrosial, than that which once veiled Eneas from the eyes of the Carthaginians; for it not only hid the hero, but blinded him also; yet, as he saw all the secrets of the place while on the summit, and during his descent, it was not incumbent on him to confine his description to the little that he saw while groping upwards.

From the summit of Hecla, 5200 feet above the sea, the eye descires only black rocks thrown together in confusion, streams of lava, and *yökuks* or glaciers of great magnitude, altogether forming a wide scene of ruin and desolation. The country north-eastward to *Myvatn* (fly-lake) about 150 miles distant, is little known; the tract called *oddar kraum*, or horrid lava, is, perhaps, a fair specimen of the whole. The *Myvatn*, about forty miles in circumference, was much larger previous to the eruption of Krabla, in 1755, when showers of ashes fell on the Feroe islands, 100 leagues distant. The shores of Iceland were much changed by the same eruption. Promontories of *debris* were formed in some places three leagues in length, and rocks were raised to the surface of the sea where there had formerly been forty fathoms water. About 9000 souls perished by that visitation, not a few of them being suffocated as they ran across the plains, by the mephitic vapours issuing from the clefts and chasms. That part of the island was visited, we believe, about four years ago, by the Crown Prince of Denmark; but we are ignorant of the extent of his explorations. The *Snaefell* *yökul*, on the western side of Iceland, rises to the height of 6800 feet. There is a tradition that it was ascended, in the 16th century, by two English seamen, who perished in consequence. We have elsewhere observed, that glaciers are found to have a progressive motion down the valleys in which they are formed [see *Athenæum*, No. 504, p. 455]. As they proceed onward, they roll together all the loose stones which lie in the direction of their progress, into long heaps, called in Switzerland *moraines*. Banks or heaps of this kind are seen at the base of some of the glaciers in Iceland, sixty feet in height.

The population of Iceland at present, according to our author, does not exceed 50,000, and he adds,

In Russia 80,000 inhabitants are reckoned to the square mile, in Norway 105, in Sweden 219, in Iceland 37.

Here it is obvious that M. Marmier has inadvertently calculated the extent of Iceland in German square miles, each of which is equal to above twenty-two English. As to the remainder of his calculations, we leave them to be corrected by the French Academy, which patronizes him: they are beyond our skill.

In 1770 thirteen reindeer were shipped from Norway to Iceland, of which number only three

reached their destination alive. They were turned into the most mountainous and unfrequented part of the island. From this slender stock the multiplication was so rapid, that in 1810 many herds of from 50 to 100 reindeer were to be met with in the interior. They were little molested by the people, who had not yet, and perhaps have not yet, begun to perceive how largely the increase of game might add to their comforts. They complained that the deer ate the moss, (*lichen isl.*) of which they know the value as an article of diet. Another attempt to improve their condition was made by the government, in 1819, by making extensive plantations of pine and larch; with what success we know not, as the more recent travellers in Iceland have been all wanting in the arts of inquiry and observation. The indigenous forests rarely rise above ten feet high. They consist chiefly of birch, mingled with several varieties of willow, mountain ash, and a few solitary individuals of the common pear. Nearly all the timber used by the Icelanders is drifted on their shores from the north.

The public library established at Reykiavik, in 1821, mainly through the instrumentality of M. Rafn, of Copenhagen, contains at present above 8000 volumes. These are lent to the people, and, consequently, travel to all parts of the island. Every Icelander can read and write, and is habituated to seek the amusement of his long winter's evenings in the perusal of the Bible and the Sagas. The literary cultivation of the upper class is, perhaps, not inferior to that of the gentry in the most civilized countries in Europe. It is said that Thorlaksen's translation of Milton's 'Paradise Lost,' two books of which were printed in the Transactions of the Icelandic Society in 1794, is the best translation of that noble poem in any language. Thorlaksen also translated from the English, Pope's 'Essay on Man,' and some other pieces.

We shall close our remarks on Iceland with a comment on Professor Finn Magnusen's Memoir on the early commercial intercourse between that country and Great Britain, of which we recently gave an account [see *Athenæum*, No. 512]. The Professor on the one hand, as we stated, has been able to trace the visits of English ships to Iceland so far back as the year 1423; we, on the other, have found in the Close Rolls a proof that Icelandic ships frequented the ports of England as early as the reign of Henry III., in 1224. The probability is, that the intercourse in question existed from the first colonization of Iceland.

Encyclopædia Britannica, Part 88.—The article 'Music,' in the present number, seems to us a masterly and comprehensive essay, considering the complicated nature of the science, and the necessarily narrow limit to which the writer was restricted. Besides the merit due to an acute and judicious condensation of the precepts, opinions, and discoveries of the masters of his art, he deserves praise for the original remarks and observations, which show that he has brought to his task a *mind* as well as a well-filled commonplace book.

List of New Books.—The Vicar of Wrexhill, by Mrs. Trollope, 3 vols. post 8vo. 31s. 6d. bds.—The Taunus; or Doings and Undoings, by C. Incledon, 8vo. 10s. 6d. bds.—Lectures on Entomology, by John B. Burton, col. plates, 12mo. 1s. swd.—Religion and Politics, by Robert Dick, 8vo. 1s. 6d. swd.—Letters of the Martyrs, Preface by C. Verdale, and Introductory Remarks by Rev. E. Bickersteth, post 8vo. 10s., large paper 14s. cl.—Dana's System of Mineralogy, and Treatise on Crystallography, roy. 8vo. 21s. bds.—Scott's History of the Rise and Progress of Joint Stock Banks in England, 8vo. 4s. bds.—The Oriental Key to the Sacred Scriptures, by M. de Corbetti, 18mo. 3s. 6d. cl.—Biblical Cabinet, Vol. XXI. (Bilborth on the Corinthians, Vol. I.), 6s. 6d. cl.—Stilling's Tales, translated from the German, by S. Jackson, 12mo. 3s. 6d. cl.—Breviary on the Sacrament, abridged by the Rev. J. N. Pearson, roy. 32mo. 1s. cl.—Comfort in Affliction, by the Rev. James Buchanan, 3s. 6d. cl.—The Infant Brothers, or Memoirs of A. and D. Brown, 4th edit. 18mo. 3s. 6d. cl.—Recollections of

David Davidson, by his Father, 18mo. 9s. swd.—Autumn, by Robert Mudie, 18mo. 1s. 6d. cl.—Falcon's Apostolic Church, 12mo. 5s. cl.—Brief Memoirs of Remarkable Children, 18mo. 3s. cl.—Brief Memoirs of Remarkable Children, 18mo. 3s. cl.—The Village Churchyard, 4th edit. 18mo. 2s. 6d. bds.—Schiller's Don Carlos, translated from the German, by J. W. Bruce, 12mo. 7s. swd.—Coelops in Search of a Wife, 2 vols. 32mo. 4s. cl.—Prayers and Chants, by William Farman, 8vo. 4s. cl.—Clarke's Promises, new edit. revised, 32mo. 1s. 6d. cl.—Select Passages from the Sermons, &c. of a Clergyman, 4th edit. 12mo. 3s. cl.—A Traveller's Thoughts, 2nd edit. post 8vo. 4s. cl.—Stevens' Lyrics, 12mo. 10s. 6d. cl.—Thoreau's Works, Part I., 4s. swd.—Ellis's Tariff for 1838, 3s. 6d. cl.—Riddle's Young Scholar's Latin-English Dictionary, 4q. 7s. bd.—Boileau's Linguist, German and English, new edit. 12mo. 7s. cl.—Rowbotham's Lessons in German Literature, 2nd edit. 12mo. 8s. cl.—Peithman's Practical Introduction to the French Language, 12mo. 3s. cl.—Quinton's Anatomical Plates of the Vessels, roy. folio, col. 3s. 18s.; plain, 2s. 14s. cl.—Xenophon's Anabasis, by Long, 2nd edit. 12mo. 3s. bds.—Minchin's Sermons, 12mo. 7s. 6d. bds.—Kingley Vale, and other Poems, by C. Crocker, 12mo. 2s. 6d. cl.—The Two Brothers; a Narrative, 12mo. 3s. cl.—The Penny Mechanic, Vol. I., 8vo. 4s. 6d. cl.—Some Recollections of the Last Days of William the Fourth, 12mo. 1s. cl.—Martin's Conveyancing, Vol. II., Part II., roy. 8vo. 2s. 6d. cl.—Channing on Temperance, 12mo. 4s. swd.—A Word in Season, by the Rev. J. Davies, 8vo. 6d. swd.

ORIGINAL PAPERS

BRITISH ASSOCIATION.

The preparations for the meeting of the British Association occupy, at this moment, the thoughts of all scientific and literary men. We have, however, little to add to the information conveyed in our last paper. Our correspondent at Liverpool thus writes to us:—

The preparations are not yet completed. The Mechanic's Institute, where four of the principal Sections will be located, is in a very unfinished state, and it will require the utmost exertion to get it into order before Monday. The error committed at Bristol, of opening the exhibitions only during the week of meeting, has been avoided here, but it will be out of the power of many of the visitors to join in the excursions, because admission can only be obtained, amongst others, to Lord Derby's Zoological collections, the salt and coal mines, &c. by tickets signed by the Presidents of the Sections, who will not be appointed before Saturday.

It is probable that there will be a larger influx of new members than at any previous meeting. Manchester and all the towns on the lines of railway will send large contingents; the resident gentry of Cheshire are distinguished for their love of Natural History, especially Ornithology; while in Lancashire Geology has become a very popular science. One improvement will appear in the management of the Association at this meeting, and that is a local application of science. Thus, the Statistical Section will be chiefly engaged in examining the social condition of the manufacturing population, the tables illustrating the state of the operatives as regards morals, education, and comforts, and the fluctuations in the price of labour. The Geological Section will have its attention directed to the coal formations in South Lancashire, a subject on which several interesting communications have already been received. It is said that an important paper on the peculiar diseases to which the manufacturing population are liable, will be laid before the Medical Section. It is scarcely necessary to add, that the subject of locomotive powers, and the construction of the different engines now employed in traction, will engage no small share of the attention of the Mechanical Section. There is a general feeling among men of practical science, that our knowledge of railroads is as yet little more than tentative. Several experiments recently tried have led to results so contradictory of inferential reasoning, that many persons anticipate a revolution in the whole theory as not very distant. On this subject you may be assured that you will have a copious supply of information in your Reports. It is not yet settled in which Section the principles of the proposed electrical telegraph will be discussed, but electricity and electro-magnetism will be prominent among the subjects which will engage the attention of the Physical Section. You are aware that electrical Observatories are about to be erected in various parts of the empire. The University of Dublin has commenced building one on a large scale, and no expense will be spared in procuring the most delicate instruments of observation. It is understood

that a deputation from the University will meet the leading men of science at this meeting, to obtain all possible information.

In Natural History, the only matter as yet mentioned is Audubon's account of the Zoology of Texas and Mexico.

Among the places opened to visitors, my attention has first been directed to the railway stations and the workshops attached to them. My remarks must of course be general. It does not appear that rapidity of motion produces such a wear and tear of carriages as might have been anticipated; the great expenditure in this head in the early history of the Manchester railway, arose from stopping too suddenly, and thus producing a smart shock throughout the whole train. Another cause also mentioned was, that the road under the rails took a considerable time to settle; that where the soft parts sunk, inequalities were produced, the rectifying of which naturally increased the early expenditure. Accidents are very rare; but this arises from the careful inspection of every part of the machinery before starting the train. Having witnessed the minuteness of this examination, I should think that an accident is scarcely possible.

It is said that the phrenologists will make a vigorous effort to form a section, attached to the Association, but independent of it. This has been several times proposed, but hitherto the fear of exciting jealousy in the governing body, has baffled the projectors. Some gentlemen at Bristol tried to introduce an independent section for Moral and Intellectual Philosophy, and it is probable that the effort will be renewed. It is not likely, however, to succeed, for all speculative science is discouraged by the governing body. I augur much better from the design of assembling together the persons interested in procuring a revision of the law of patents, and establishing a universal copyright; but I hope that these subjects will be brought before the general body; individual exertions must fail.

So few visitors have yet arrived that I need not send you a list. The Dublin contingent is not expected until Friday; it will be unusually large. The Scottish members will come on the same day by steam from Glasgow. Southey and Wordsworth are expected, but I believe their coming is far from being certain. The Bishop of Norwich, one of the Vice Presidents, will be unavoidably absent, but it is supposed that Lord Sandon will be appointed in his place.

SEMILASSO (PRINCE PUCKLER MUSKAU) IN EGYPT.

The Fellahs—What has Mehemet Ali done?

We proceeded from the palace to two newly-constructed iron railroads, intended for the conveyance of stones to the sea. A great number of Fellahs, men, women, and children, were here at work, whose wages the Viceroy has lately increased, at all public works, one piastre a day.[†] Having been used to read, in most of the accounts of Egypt, pitiable lamentations of the misery of this unhappy class, I was not a little surprised at finding robust and healthy-looking, cheerful men, who executed their easy task singing and laughing, were most indulgently treated by the overseers, and seemed to ask only in joke for the Battashir (something to drink) which they solicited. They had, indeed, a ragged appearance, but where do we find it otherwise in the East, even in Greece? the climate requires so little, and order and cleanliness are not among the virtues of these countries. In the sequel, I paid constant attention to this subject, and became firmly convinced, that the Fellahs here, in comparison with many others of their class—especially, for instance, the Irish peasants, who, however, are subjects of the most enlightened government in Europe—are in a situation which the latter might envy.

The houses of the Fellahs are small huts, built of bricks baked in the sun, or only of clay, for the most part without any opening besides the entrance. But these habitations are at least weather-tight, and warm in the winter, affording shelter against rain and storms, giving shade in the summer, and roomy enough for the limited wants of these people; whereas in Greece, even the better

sort of country people have no roofs that keep out the snow or rain; and the pig-styes, filled with suffocating smoke, in which the poor Irish live, in a climate comparatively cold, scarcely afford any shelter. The Fellahs are poor; but, in the meanest villages that I visited, I always found bread, milk, butter, cheese, often vegetables in abundance, and even poultry—in the larger villages, even butcher's meat; all which were offered us at reasonable prices; whereas in Greece, onions, water, and maize bread, which is scarcely eatable, are often all that you can procure, or that the people themselves have to live upon, as in Ireland they do on potatoes and whiskey. Nor did I ever hear that a Fellah had died of hunger, which, to the disgrace of humanity, has been, and unhappily still is, nothing uncommon among the Irish peasants. The Fellahs are scantily clad; but here, too, the comparison is to their advantage; for, in the first place, they need less clothing in their mild climate; and, in the second, I have never seen the women here, like those of Ireland, without rags enough to cover themselves so far as decorum requires. On the contrary, you see the wives of the Fellahs, though often in tattered garments, yet, like the other Eastern females, covered up to their eyes; for the most part, too, they have five or six pieces of gold coin sewed in a row from the face to the breast, which does not agree with the excessive poverty of which our philanthropic travellers draw so frightful a picture. I believe that, in Paris and London, more dreadful misery may sometimes be met with, than can now be found in all Egypt. Here, too, there are no suicides, and the extraordinary dislike of the Fellahs to becoming soldiers—which leads them to mutilate themselves in the most cruel manner—is likewise no proof that they feel themselves so excessively wretched in their present condition. But a person who lands direct from Europe, and, for the first time, sees the common people in dirt and rags—which is quite usual in the East, but with us is the indication of the most profound misery,—too easily lets his imagination run away with him, and thenceforward sees through coloured spectacles, even if he be not *resolved* to see everything in a false light. Now, there are many in the latter case. The greater part of the European merchants at Alexandria, for instance, are offended with the Viceroy, because he hinders them, by his system, from cheating the ignorant Egyptians, in free trade, at their pleasure; and because he, as cunning as themselves, obliges them to purchase his goods at the highest price;—he has enemies, too, in all adventurers who hope to find in Egypt an El Dorado for blockheads and idlers, and who, being fit for nothing, are obliged to leave it without attaining their object;—in such others, also, as were at first thought to be serviceable, but whom it was afterwards found necessary to send about their business, for too impudent pretensions, or too barefaced robbery;—in obscure authors, who, astonished at being overlooked and neglected, though they had sufficiently announced their intention of writing about Egypt, leave the country without a penny in their pockets, but full of gall and bitterness;—lastly, in honest but imbecile philanthropists, chiefly Englishmen, who, as soon as they desecry a man without a coat to his back, and without roast beef in his belly, cry Murder! and curse the Leviathan who is the cause of such horrors. All these people write, or pay others for writing, against Mehemet Ali, who could easily pay for answers, but he despises these adversaries, being fully convinced that, sooner or later, he will be justly appreciated. There are persons in more elevated situations, with the same disposition to depreciate the Viceroy; but I would advise every stranger, when he comes to Egypt, to listen to no little-tattle, whether from his Consul or his tailor, but to see and examine with his own eyes, and then decide for himself. There is a modern traveller, who, in a flowing style, and not without talent for description, has recorded as gospel what good friends and his dragoman imposed on him respecting Mehemet Ali and the education of Egypt. Such a work may obtain credit in Europe; for what do they know there about Egypt? We are, at this time, as ignorant respecting the Mahometans, and all the East, as the French under Louis XIV. were respecting everything out of France; but a person who travels in Egypt with that book in his hand, and

who has the slightest talent for observation, may often be inclined to doubt whether the whole is not a mystification, and whether the author, with Champollion, Burckhardt, Belzoni, Caillaud, &c., and other historical works on his table, has not described Egypt, without having passed the barriers of Paris. Nothing can be more shallow than the opinions which we daily read or hear on Mehemet Ali, nothing more absurd, than the expectations which he is called on to realize. People require that he shall be, at the same time, a Romulus, a Numa Pompilius, and a Trajan: they pay no regard either to his position or his wants; they shut their eyes to the prodigies that have already been accomplished, and, with silly self-complacency, turn up their noses at a pseudo-civilization, which they consider as unworthy regard, because it is still so far inferior to ours. Lastly, people are stupid enough (I really can give it no better name) not to see that every good thing requires time, and that the real wisdom of Mehemet Ali's system is, that he does only what the times allow—proceeds with as much caution as energy, and does not suffer himself to be, in the smallest degree, diverted from his firm and maturely-considered course, either by idealogues or plodding pedants—either by flattery or censure. I have had at Cairo the great satisfaction of meeting a man who coincides in these views, and whose opinions outweigh those of a ship-load of ordinary travellers: I mean Aulic-Counsellor von Schubert, the celebrated author of the 'Life of the Soul,' who acknowledged, with profound veneration, the greatness of the sovereign who has given new life to Egypt.

But I return to the Fellahs. To make them rich, to place them all at once in a condition like that of the peasants of Holstein or Altenburg, would probably be impossible, even to the wisest of politicians, with the best intentions in the world; for when those children of nature have gained enough for their subsistence, they lie down, like the lazzaroni, to bask in the sun, and idle away their time till they are compelled again to work. I see even now, when opportunity is never wanting if they are inclined to work, innumerable instances of this invincible indolence and indifference. They have always been so, and always poor; and, if it is possible to effect a gradual change in them, Mehemet Ali has taken the right way to accomplish it—by making himself, not the sole proprietor, as is falsely stated, but the sole director, of the cultivation of all the land in his dominions, and thus obliging the Fellahs to cultivate it properly, for the general good and their own subsistence, as Joseph did in his days. The joint responsibility which Mehemet Ali introduced, was certainly a harsh measure; but his object was good, because he believed that the idle would be thereby obliged to work. As experience, however, has shown that the system was injurious, it has been given up, and the Viceroy has not only renounced the arrears, but has repaid thirty millions of piastres from his own treasury to those who had been obliged to answer for the deficiencies of others. I have already mentioned, that he has added a piastre a day to the wages of all those who are employed for him in public works, and the number is very considerable. He has further ordered, that on paying the Fellahs for the articles of produce, which they are to deliver in every year, their former debts shall not be deducted, as used to be done, but that they shall be paid in full, and in ready money; and he has even, of his own free will, augmented the price of these productions. Those measures disbursed so much money among the poorer classes in many villages, that tradespeople went thither from Cairo on speculation, and speedily disposed of their goods.

One of the greatest difficulties with which the Viceroy has to contend, consists in the immorality of the authorities, their rapacity and venality, all the bad consequences of which are imputed, by short-sighted foreigners, to the Viceroy himself. He therefore tried the experiment of removing the Turkish local authorities, and putting Arabs in their stead; but the result has been so far from answering the intention, that it will probably be found necessary to return to the former; who, as one of my informants on this subject expressed himself, "at least stole with more decency than the latter." Mehemet Ali is well aware of this radical evil in his administration; but his universal prevalence, as well as many political reasons, arising

[†] The value of a piastre is about 2*ds.* Mr. Lane speaks of the piastres as equal to about 2*ds.*

from his precarious position with respect to the Porte, make the cure of it very difficult. A radical reform will, perhaps, not be attainable till the next generation, and by a better education of youth. The truly extraordinary things that the Viceroy has done in this respect, more than any other sovereign of his age, I reserve for future chapters, where I shall, besides, have occasion to produce many more facts which abundantly prove that Mehemet Ali, the great restorer of the East, is guided by more enlarged ideas than those of a merely covetous and rapacious egotism. Certain European reviewers of my works will not fail to call me to account before their tribunal. Those canting, sweet-bitter critics, who formerly crossed and blessed themselves because I thought the English aristocracy ridiculous, though many members of it had invited me to their tables or their balls, will not neglect this opportunity of coming forward in the opposite spirit, and, as they always take for granted bad and mean motives from analogy, judging of others by themselves, will doubtless affirm, that I praise and defend Mehemet Ali only because he has loaded me with marks of esteem and honour. But to me it is quite indifferent what motives may be ascribed to me. My business is to speak the truth as I find it, careless how it is received, and whether it pleases one party or vexes another. Armed with this principle, I have, more than once, had the good fortune to see opinions which, at first, were most vehemently attacked, soon afterwards confirmed by the result.

Mehemet Ali's Navy.

When you enter the Arsenal of Alexandria, and behold a colossal establishment, with massive and handsome buildings, extending almost farther than the eye can reach—an establishment which is no-wise inferior to many similar ones in Europe, and, in many points, is even superior to them; when you see the large ships which are there building, and immense magazines, filled with stores of every kind, sufficient completely to equip many others—and when you are then told, that only eight years ago the waves of the sea rolled over this very spot, and that the whole magnificent fleet which now fills the harbour was constructed in this arsenal, it really appears like a dream. If we further consider that these miracles of activity and sagacity have been performed by the inflexible will of a single man, in a land of the most complete barbarism, where, hands and arms excepted, there was scarcely one of all the requisites for such an undertaking, the astonishment of the spectator doubled, and he is tempted to take literally the declaration in the Gospel, that faith is able to remove mountains. Has any European sovereign performed anything similar in an equal space of time? I know of none—nay, had I not seen it with my own eyes, I should have believed such an undertaking to be wholly impracticable. Notwithstanding this, the bold spirit of Mehemet Ali does not yet rest, and he is now engaged in an undertaking almost equally gigantic—namely, to gain from the sea, where the bottom is covered with mud, to the depth of nearly a hundred feet, a basin capacious enough to contain the whole fleet, and from which the water may be drawn off at pleasure. The vast coffers which are building in the dock-yards for the purpose of being sunk, are nearly as large as ships of the line. The possibility of success is almost universally doubted—Mehemet Ali alone does not doubt, for, like Napoleon, he knows no such word as "impossible." One of the foreign Consuls said, to dissuade him—"Your Highness throws your money into the sea."—"Allah Kherim," replied the Viceroy, good-humouredly, "Why, I have been doing nothing else for many years past." Of course I have no intention of describing the arsenal in detail, as such establishments are sufficiently known, and all must, more or less, resemble each other. I mention only what particularly struck me; for instance, the admirable rope manufactory, which is equal in extent to that of Toulon, and is superior to it in arrangement. Here I saw, for the first time, the ingenious machine, invented by a Frenchman, for twisting the cables—the work produced appeared to me to be equal to the best English manufacture. In order and scrupulous cleanliness, as well in the magazines as in the workshops, the French arsenals are decidedly inferior to this. It is an excellent arrangement, that,

when the day's work is done, the workmen are obliged, before they leave the place, to hang up on the walls and pillars, all the instruments that have been used during the day, in elegant figures, as is usually done for ornament in armouries. The advantage of this is, that the instruments cannot be mislaid or lost, and a theft is discovered at once. For this, and many other judicious regulations, the arsenal is indebted to the unceasing care of General Besson, the worthy successor of the founder Cerisy, whose name will be held in eternal remembrance in Egypt. With the exception of the delicate nautical and mathematical instruments, very few articles of European manufacture are seen in the magazines. Arms, paper, clothing, linen, leather goods, cloth (partly of cotton), are all Egyptian. Three ships of the line were building in docks, which, in this climate, it is not necessary to roof over. In the lower walls, consisting of large hewn stones, several antique granite pillars, and Egyptian figures are introduced, not without taste: this is unimportant; but what affords great pleasure is the solidity, the perfect order, the extreme cleanliness which characterize the whole, and charm the stranger, to whichever side he turns. When I left home it rained; but, as if one could order everything to one's wish, the weather cleared up the moment, when, in company with the Admiral Mustapha Pasha and General Besson, I began, at the gate of the arsenal, my tour of inspection, which occupied several hours. Not to be too prolix, I subjoin only a few notes, for the correctness of which I can answer:—

Effective Force of the Egyptian Navy, in the year 1837.

SHIPS OF THE LINE.

	30 pounds.	Men.
The Acre	104 guns	1200
Masser	104 guns and caronades	1200
Mohallet el Kubra	100 guns and caronades	1150
Skander	100 caronades	1150
Mansurah	100	1150
Homs	100	1150
Beleq	96	1000
Aboukir	82	950

FRIGATES.

24 pounds.

Avadalla	64 guns and caronades	600
Raschid	60	580
Beherah	60	580
Mufa Dschehad	60	580
Dscher Dschehad	60	580
Kaffer Schack	60	580
Damiat	54	500

CORVETTES.

50 pounds.

Tantah	24 caronades	200
Dschen al Buchari	24	190
Beinghi Dschehad	22	18 pounds
Dschehad Beker	22	190

BRIGS.

Schacks	18 caronades, 10 pounds	120
Washington	18	100
Semende Dschehad	18	100
Beur Dschehad	18	100
Schindzert	16	90
Themseach	16	12 pounds
Schabal Dschehad	14	16 pounds
Cutter	10	16 pounds

STEAM-BOATS.

The Nile	4 caronades, 30 pounds	150
	2 guns à la Paixhans	150

Total...1,428

14,600

Besides armed Transports, whose crews amount to... 1,080

Shipwrights, Caulkers, Carpenters, &c. 4,500

Grand total..... 20,180

Observe, that the men employed in the Arsenal are organized as military workmen, and are able, in case of need, to manage a gun.

SHIPS NOW ON THE STOCKS.

Ships of the line:		
No. 9.....	100 guns and caronades, 30 pounds.	
No. 10.....	88	30 pounds.
No. 11.....	100	30 pounds.
No. 12.	All the parts of this ship are ready, but are not yet on the stocks to be put together.	

Three first-rate frigates, of 60 guns each, are in a similar state of forwardness.

Schools.

The admirable naval school of Rassettin contains 1,200 pupils, who are educated, clothed, and entirely maintained at the expense of the government, besides which, each receives a salary of from 20 to 100 piastres per month.* These pupils supply the navy, and partly also the administration. There are, be-

* We shall see in the sequel that this munificence extends to all the schools founded by the Viceroy, comprehending 12,000 persons.

sides, two purely nautical schools, the number of the pupils in which is not fixed, on board the two ships of the line, the Acre and Mansurah. The conditions are the same, but here every pupil receives 100 piastres monthly. Among them is the Viceroy's son, Said Bey, who receives the same income as the King of France formerly did as Canon of Auch.

Seamen.

The government allows to every sailor, annually, three complete suits of cotton, one of cloth† for work, a fine suit for occasions of festivity, a great coat for the winter, two turbans (fes), four shirts, four pair of shoes, and a sufficient quantity of soap for washing. The sailors are divided into four classes: the first class receive 30 piastres per month; the second 25; the third 20; the fourth 15. (This last class consists of the recruits.) The ration consists of the most suitable and most wholesome food, and is fully sufficient for the support of two persons. His Highness maintains all the male children of the seamen, and allows them, from the moment of their birth, a full ration, the same as to the father, and 5 piastres in money monthly. The invalids of the navy are sent to their respective homes. There they receive a pension of 30 piastres per month, and are at the same time employed as superintendents in various works, so that those who are able to labour may add their wages to their pension.

Officers of the Navy.

The Pasha, who has the command in chief of the whole navy, has so long the temporary rank of admiral, but is only vice-admiral, or lieutenant-general. The vice-admiral is also temporary, and is only rear-admiral, or major-general, and the head of the general staff of the squadron. This is the post held by Besson Bey. The rear-admiral is likewise major-general (*Mirilini*), and president of the council of the navy, which gives him a preponderating influence. This post is filled by Hassan Bey, a Turk, who has had a European education, and of whom I shall have occasion to speak in the sequel. The captains of ships of the line are of two classes: the first are Beys, with the rank of colonel in the army; the second have the rank of lieutenant-colonel. The captains of frigates are likewise of two classes: the first ranking as *chefs de bataillon*; the second, as majors, of the first class. The captains of brigs are majors of the second class, and are also employed as second in command on board frigates and corvettes without distinction. The lieutenants of ships of the line are likewise of the first and second class, have captain's rank, and serve as second in command on board corvettes and brigs. The lieutenants of frigates, likewise of two classes, rank as first lieutenants. The *aspirants* of the first and second class, rank as second lieutenants. These short, but perfectly accurate data, will suffice to give a correct idea of Mehemet Ali's naval power; and, combined with what I shall have to state in the course of my work, respecting the army, the extent, the revenues, and the resources of the Syro-Egyptian kingdom, will serve to place in a full light the truly absurd anomaly which must arise from giving the appellation of a dependent Pasha to a man who is, in fact, a powerful and absolute monarch; while we have in Europe many kings whose dominions scarcely equal in extent a single province of the great Pasha's, and so many other sovereigns (into the bargain) who do not equal in power and splendour even one of Mehemet Ali's governors, and who, indeed, are no more than great land-owners, and ought so to be called. It is impossible that an unnatural state of things can long continue, and sound policy cannot desire it; even the Porte itself cannot, for it has more need of a powerful independent friend, united with it by similarity of interest, than of a formidable vassal, who is a vassal only in name.

We now proceed in a gig, a long, narrow, and most elegant boat, which might be compared with the handsomest of those at Cowes, to the fleet, where I intended to pay my respects, on board the admiral's ship, to Said Bey, the Viceroy's second son. The fleet excited my astonishment as much as the arsenal. Still full of the impression which the English fleet at Malta and Zante had made upon me, I found no essential difference, at least none discoverable by a

† The writer probably means woollen cloth, but he uses the word *seg*, which is indefinite.

landsman, between the several ships of the two nations, which I compared together in my mind; nay, with respect to the admirable cleanliness and order in the most obscure corners and the very lowest parts of the vessel—with respect to the convenient manner in which the arms are kept, and the ingenious distribution of several small magazines through the whole hold, the equal calibre of the guns on all three decks, and a more appropriate disposition of the embrasures on the upper deck, it might, perhaps, be affirmed, that the newest Egyptian ships of the line have some advantages in matters of small importance over many English ships. In the manoeuvres, on the contrary, which I witnessed, the difference, to the disadvantage of the Egyptians, was very great. They were much less steady in what they performed, and took at least double the time. This arose less from the unskillfulness of the Arab sailors, who, on the contrary, appear to me to possess qualities which might make them the best in the world, than from the inability of the corps of officers, from which Mehemet Ali, in consequence of various misunderstandings, has, perhaps too soon, removed almost all the Europeans. But for those who still remain, among whom M. Touzé, aide-de-camp to General Besson, merits all honour for his talents and indefatigable zeal, this fine and colossal creation would, perhaps, be in danger of declining as rapidly as it has risen, as it were by magic. The true friends of the Viceroy can, therefore, only warn him not to be too hasty in confiding to his countrymen things to which they are not equal. Said Bey, who is educated in the strictest manner for the naval profession, is a young man of an amiable character and promising talents, who, under the direction of General Besson, and of his tutor, M. König, an accomplished Frenchman, full of knowledge and experience, has already acquired, in a great degree, the manners of an European prince, and begins also to feel himself as such. He is, however, rather timid, and his amiable qualities do not appear till you become intimate with him. He already speaks French with great fluency, and with a good accent. He would certainly please in Europe, and be everywhere kindly received; and he himself evidently wishes to visit our quarter of the globe. But, at present, there is an insurmountable obstacle of a peculiar kind: the prince is extremely corpulent for so young a man, and his father will not permit him to appear in Europe till he shall have become thinner. In the sequel, I had myself an opportunity of speaking freely to the Viceroy on this subject, and did my utmost to induce him to change his mind, but could effect nothing. Mehemet Ali several times repeated, that he could not suffer his son to travel with such an uncouth figure. "A regi-men," said he, "has been prescribed for him; let him follow it and grow thin; then he may go, but not before." The poor prince, therefore, is not a little tormented with this regimen, which, as yet, has not had much effect. Every week he is weighed, and in the detailed report, which must be sent regularly to Cairo, the result of this weighing must never be omitted, and an ebullition of ill-humour is certain if there be no diminution in the number of pounds. The most certain means to free the prince from his superfluous corpulence, (which, however, would be little regarded in Europe,) would be to send him to England, and put him in training by the pugilists. In a month he would become as slender as an eel, and stronger than he has ever felt himself. Two young English women lately came to Egypt, and issued a prospectus, in which they proposed, for good payment, to instruct the ladies of the harem in European manners, to which the Mussulman husbands manifested but little inclination. A boxer would be more likely to make his fortune, who should enable Said Bey to set out on the grand tour. My first interview with Said Bey was pretty much confined to common place; I afterwards became better acquainted with him, and found him merry and full of drollery. Once, we even climbed, for a wager, up the rope-ladders of the mainmast of the admiral's ship, when, notwithstanding his corpulence, he beat me hollow. However, they wondered that I, who was not a seaman, acquitted myself so well, and the Arab sailors always called me, from that time, the Prussian Admiral; a title, the ratification of which, I intend shortly most humbly to solicit on the banks of the Spree.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP ON LITERATURE
AND ART.

Mr. Chalon has just finished a drawing of our young Queen, which, we think, may take its place as *the* portrait, whether in right of the likeness, which is faithful and characteristic, or in right of its artistic treatment. Our sovereign is standing in all the bravery of gold and diamonds, velvet and ermine, as she appeared on the day when she closed Parliament: but these are so judiciously managed, as not to oppress her with their gorgeousness. The left arm rests among rich drapery; and the crimson train, sweeping in massive folds down the damasked steps on which she is standing, gives stature, and adds to the dignity, of her figure. There is a delicate taste, too, in all the accessories—in the virgin-white flowers, peeping in among the columns in the back-ground—in the crouching lion, sculptured on the pedestal at her side. This is certainly (as it should be) Mr. Chalon's most successful work. It is now in the hands of Mr. Moon, and about to be engraved in the first style of the art, by Cousins.

The full programme of the Birmingham oratorios and concerts for the coming Festival, offers a tempting announcement. The philosophers assembled at Liverpool cannot do better, when their intellectual and scientific banquet is ended, than take railway carriage, and finish with the Birmingham choruses. M. Mendelssohn is in town, and has been present at a rehearsal or rehearsals of his oratorio at Exeter Hall, though the provincial committee object to his conducting it in person.—It is said, that the ensuing meeting of Parliament in November, will give occasion to an early season. Some stimulus of the kind is needed in the publishing world; and we should be glad to see the theatres benefiting by the increased number of strangers which the concourse of M.P.'s will bring to town. As to musical entertainments, we are willing to rest awhile, rather than hear bad music. It would be difficult to find either singers or instrumentalists for an early season, save among the hopeless list of third-rates—the Italian corps being all bespoken for the Salle Favart, and our native and resident talent (never a very strong muster) being scattered to every corner of the Continent. The *Opera Buffa* is to open earlier than last year, with a stronger *corps*: the names of Signors Catone and Lablache *fiti*, and San Quirico, have been already announced.

There are, at last, some hopes that Mr. Barry's magnificent design for the new houses of Parliament will be carried into execution, as we learn from the daily papers, that contracts have been entered into for the embankment and river foundation. The government have also directed a survey to be made of the ground required between Pimlico and Westminster Abbey, with reference to the plan of Mr. Rigby Wason, without however pledging itself to undertake the proposed improvements.

We have been requested to announce, that Mr. Leitch Ritchie is revising for the press a posthumous MS., entitled 'Memoirs of a Man of Genius':—that a novel of modern life, entitled 'The Lion,' will be shortly forthcoming:—and that Miss A. Strickland is engaged, under the patronage of Her Majesty, in writing 'Historical Memoirs of the Queens of England,' to be compiled from contemporary memoirs, state papers, &c. We think it right however to add, that we were informed two or three years since, that Miss Lawrence, the author of 'London in the Olden Time,' was then, and had been for some time engaged on a similar work.

We alluded recently to a report, that a subscription was about to be opened for erecting a Memorial of the Military Achievements of his Grace the Duke of Wellington. The project has this week been submitted to the public, and already nearly 10,000*l.* has been subscribed. This is as it should be: but we entreat of the committee to take care, that events do not justify other and concurrent reports; and that in the disposal of their patronage, due consideration be had for the fame and reputation of our artists, and the intellectual character of the country. So far as private feeling and individual profit be concerned, we care not two straws as to who may be intrusted with the execution of the work; but we warn them that, justly or unjustly we cannot say, it is believed among artists, that the committee

have been selected with especial reference to "a foregone conclusion."

It is with regret we announce, that Mr. Owen Rees, so long known and respected as an active partner in the firm of Longman & Co., from which he only retired in June last, died a few days since in Wales.

DIORAMA, REGENT'S PARK,
WILL BE SHORTLY CLOSED.—NEW EXHIBITION, representing the *ROCKS, MOUNTAINS, AND RIVERS NEAR ROME, BEFORE AND AFTER ITS DESTRUCTION BY FIRE*, IN THE VILLAGE OF ALAGNA, IN PIEDMONT, DESTROYED BY AN Avalanche. Both Pictures are painted by Le Chevalier Bonton. Open Daily from Ten till Five.

SCIENTIFIC AND LITERARY

GEOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

June 14.—Rev. W. Whewell, President in the chair.—A letter was read, addressed to C. Lyell, Esq. from Dr. McClelland, who had been associated with Mr. Griffith in the scientific expedition sent by the Indian government under the direction of Dr. Wallich, to investigate the natural history of the country, and the circumstances under which the tea plant is found wild in Upper Assam.

Some high land was seen between the channels of the Ganges and Burrampooter rivers, at the foot of the Kossiah Mountains, or that portion called the Garrow hills; rounded knolls are interspersed throughout the partially inundated plain, and are composed of layers of sands, clays, gravels, and boulders, appearing to be the remains of a talus of great extent, which had been partially swept away by the great hill streams. The foot of the mountains is composed of a rock in which *Nummulites* are found. On ascending the mountain acclivity over limestone and sandstone rocks to Cherra Ponji, (a station established at an elevation of above 5000 feet, and reaching a height of 1500 feet above the level of the sea,) the author discovered a stratum filled up with shells and marine exuviae two feet thick, reposing upon sandstone and covered by soil, which resembled a well-defined marine beach. Several hundred specimens were, and many thousands might have been, obtained. The species were about 100 in number, and when compared with about an equal number from the Paris basin, no less than twenty species were found to be identical in the two collections.

The sandstone higher up the mountains than this deposit, contained the impressions of shells and other organic remains. On this sandstone reposes a deposit of compact limestone, from which thirty-seven species of shells were extracted, consisting of species of *trochites*, *cerithia*, *modiolæ*, and of *Pileolus plicatus* of Sowerby. On this formation reposes a bed of coal to the depth of about twenty or thirty feet, in which remains of an exogenous plant were found.

On crossing the mountain towards the centre of the group, the sandstone on which the limestone and coal rest at Cherra Ponji was found for fifteen or eighteen miles, forming in horizontal strata lofty undulating lands. Beyond this, the strata displayed marks of confusion, and in the first deep river valley, a mass of greenstone was found with the adjoining sandstone tilted up in highly inclined tabular masses, and compact and glassy in the neighbourhood of the greenstone.

Beyond this (the Bogapani) all traces of sandstone disappear, and the centre of the mountains from Muflong to the highest ridges is composed of syenite. Granular quartz in slaty and vertical strata is found in contact with this, and displaying progressive changes to the sandstone. The northern side of the mountains from Muflong into Assam is composed of granular, foliated felspar penetrated by quartz veins. Extensive beds of syenite and central nuclei of granite are found as far as the valley of Lower Assam. Hot and salt springs were met with. It was at the base of the mountains that fossil bones were observed by the late Mr. Scott. The author also collected about 160 species of the animals, chiefly birds, of the forest of Assam, as well as 120 species of the fishes of the Burrampooter.

A paper was then read, on the remains of a fossil monkey from the Tertiary strata of the Sewalik hills, in the north of Hindooostan, by Capt. P. T. Cautley, F.G.S., Bengal Artillery, and Hugh Falconer, M.D., Bengal Medical Service.

In this communication the authors minutely describe, and compare with that of the *Semnopithecus Entellus*, an astralagus which had been found in the fossil state, as already mentioned in the letter from Capt. Cantley to Dr. Royle. Though they have for some time possessed this specimen, they were unwilling to risk the announcement on any thing less characteristic than the cranium and teeth. Messrs. Baker and Dura, of the Bengal Engineers, have since found a considerable portion of the face, and the whole series of molars of a quadrumanous animal, belonging to much larger species than theirs. The fossil astralagus is that of the right hind leg, and was sent, as well as that of a recent *S. Entellus*, with the paper. The former was completely mineralized, having a specific gravity of about 2.8, and appearing to be impregnated with hydrate of iron. Although only a solitary bone of the foot, the relations of structure are so fixed, that the identity of the fossil is as certain as if the entire skeleton had been found. This astralagus closely resembles in size and general form that of the recent *Semnopithecus Entellus*, but the points of difference are sufficient to leave no doubt about a difference of species.

In the debris of different beds of the formation which yielded the quadrumanous fossil astralagus, the authors have also discovered the remains of a species of *Anoplotherium*, also of the Crocodile and Gavial, which now inhabit the Ganges. The camel, antelope, and anoplotherium have been exhumed from the same bed. The elephant, mastodon, hippopotamus, rhinoceros, hog and horse, have been found in the same formation with the *Sivatherium giganteum*, armed with four enormous sheathed horns: with these have been found several Carnivora. Of the feathered tribe there are huge grallæ—of reptiles, besides those already mentioned, there are other crocodiles and Testudinata, both of enormous size.

BOTANICAL SOCIETY.—At the meeting of the Society, held on Thursday, J. E. Gray, Esq., F.R.S. &c., President, in the chair, the Secretary read a communication from Mr. Robert H. Schomburgk, Corresponding Member of the Geographical Society, &c., dated New Amsterdam, Berbice, May 11th, 1837, on a new genus allied to the water-lily, named "VICTORIA REGINA," by permission of her Majesty. The communication was accompanied by magnificent drawings of the plant, one half the natural size, which may be seen at the rooms of the Society on any of the nights of meeting. The following account is extracted from Mr. Schomburgk's paper.—"It was on the 1st of January this year, while contending with the difficulties nature opposed in different forms to our progress up the river Berbice (in British Guiana), that we arrived at a point where the river expanded and formed a currentless basin: some object on the southern extremity of this basin attracted my attention—it was impossible to form any idea what it could be, and animating the crew to increase the rate of paddling, shortly afterwards we were opposite the object, which had raised my curiosity—a vegetable wonder! All calamities were forgotten; I felt as a botanist, and felt myself rewarded. A gigantic leaf, from five to six feet in diameter, silver-shaped, with a broad rim of a light green above, and a vivid crimson below, resting upon the water: quite in character with the wonderful leaf was the luxuriant flower, consisting of many hundred petals, passing in alternate tints from pure white to rose and pink. The smooth water was covered with them, I rowed from one to another, and observed always something new to admire. The leaf on its surface is of a bright green, in form orbiculate, with this exception opposite its axis, where it is slightly bent in: its diameter measured from five to six feet: around the margin extended a rim, about three to five inches high, on the inside light green like the surface of the leaf, on the outside, like the leaf's lower part, of a bright crimson. The stem of the flower is an inch thick near the calyx, and is studded with sharp elastic prickles about three quarters of an inch in length. The calyx is four-leaved, each upwards of seven inches in length, and three in breadth at the base; they are thick, white inside, reddish-brown and prickly outside. The diameter of the calyx is twelve to thirteen inches: on it rests the magnificent flower, which, when fully developed, covers completely the calyx with its hundred petals. When it first opens it is

white with pink in the middle, which spreads over the whole flower the more it advances in age, and it is generally found the next day of a pink colour; as if to enhance its beauty, it is sweet-scented: like others of its tribe it possesses a fleshy disk, and petals and stamens pass gradually into each other, and many petaloid leaves may be observed, which have vestiges of an anther. We met them afterwards frequently, and the higher we advanced the more gigantic they became: we measured a leaf, which was six feet five inches in diameter, its rim five and a half inches high, and the flower across fifteen inches. The flower is much injured by a beetle, (*Thrinax* species?) which destroys completely the inner part; we have counted from twenty to thirty in one flower."

Another paper on a new species of Loranthus (also accompanied by a highly-finished drawing), named by Mr. Schomburgk *Loranthus Smythii*, in honour of Lady James Carmichael Smyth, a great admirer of botany, was also read. The thanks of the Society having been ordered to be returned to Mr. Schomburgk for his kind assistance, he was unanimously elected a Foreign Member.

The meeting was then adjourned until Thursday, October 7th.

MEETING FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

TUESDAY, Zoological Society (*Sci. Business*) ½ p. Eight.

MISCELLANEA

Mist.—Sir.—In your number for the 12th instant doubts are expressed of the truth of De Saussure's having encountered, on the Alps, "a mist," of which the vesicles were as large as peas. The following detail may contribute to the probability of that statement:—In August 1812, walking across Dartmoor, a mist came on, which much excited my attention by the magnitude of its particles, and their yet having no tendency to fall. Their average size was about that of hemp seed; and they were in rapid motion amongst each other in all directions, more in lines approaching the horizontal than in those nearer the vertical. The umbrellas, carried over my head, was no shelter at all; held before me as I walked to windward, the particles could be heard patterning against it, though the breeze was slight; but my clothes were soon soaked through, even my hat softened, so that it could be compressed into a ball. Unpleasant as this was, I was induced to linger a good while, seeking to account for this exception to the effects of gravitation. The apparent cause was repulsion amongst the particles and between them and the earth, and none but that of electricity seemed likely to operate on such a scale and in such a manner. But that electricity should be acting with such vivacity, without being sensible to a passenger entering the mist and receiving so much of it on his person, was not consistent with experience. The idea of the sphæreles being vesicles had not, then, fallen in my way. On descending the hill I left the cloud also above, its under surface ragged, but not undefined, and it extended across the valley to Roborough Down, on mounting which I again entered it. Now, regarding the difference in magnitude of our hills and the Alps, and the curious play of cloud about the latter, not only on their summits, but far down the sides, would it be very surprising if all the phenomena should occur there on a larger scale? It was certainly not my hap to see particles anything like those related of De Saussure, amongst many opportunities, last summer, of observing the play of clouds about the Swiss and Savoy Alps; nor have I ever again witnessed on Dartmoor any so large as those described above. Yet visible particles of smaller diameter, say 0.03 to 0.04 inch, I believe to be not very rare; their disobedience to gravitation and the slightness of their impact, when in rapid motion, leaving little doubt of their being vesicles.

Plymouth, Aug. 21.

I am, Sir, &c.

J. PRIDEAUX.

Choice of a House.—Many persons, who have not had much experience in the choice of a house, are captivated by the exterior; and are more influenced by its picturesque effect, than by any property in the dwelling connected with habitability. One person is an admirer of the Gothic; without considering that, unless the number of windows in such a house is greater than in a building in the Roman or Italian style, the rooms will be ill lighted, from the thickness of the mullions, and the smallness of the panes: and probably, also, not well ventilated, from the defective manner in which gothic windows generally open. Some prefer a cottage with latticed windows, and surrounded by creepers; not considering that the rooms in such buildings are very frequently low, ill lighted, and ill ventilated; the floors subject to the dry rot, and the walls to damp; for, notwithstanding the beauty of flowering creepers, there is not a single kind of creeping plant, which will grow against a house, that does not make the walls damp, with the single exception of the ivy. Some prefer a house with a veranda all round it; and, no doubt, such an appendage will keep the house warmer in winter, and cooler in summer, and will afford a dry walk during rain; but those who take a lease of a house with a veranda, which

they are, of course, bound to keep in repair, should first well consider if it admits sufficient light to the rooms on the ground floor; and, secondly, whether it is well put together, and made of durable materials. • • A thatched cottage is an object of admiration with many persons who have not had much experience of country life; and, accordingly, we find several in the neighbourhood of London. Such cottages have, perhaps, the gable end covered with ivy, the chimney tops entwined with Virginian creepers, and the windows overshadowed by roses and jasmines. The ivy forms an excellent harbour for sparrows and other small birds, which build there in quantities in spring and early in summer, and roost there during winter. In June, as soon as the young birds are fledged, all the cats in the neighbourhood are attracted by them, and take up their abode on the roof of the house every night for several weeks; the noise and other annoyances occasioned by which we need only allude to. We say nothing of the damp produced by the deciduous creepers and the roses, as we have already mentioned that: but we must here notice another evil, which is not so obvious, though quite as serious, and this is, the numerous insects generated in the decaying thatch; and more especially that loathsome creature, the earwig, which, in autumn, whenever the windows are open, comes into the house in quantities, and finds its way into every closet, chink, piece of furniture, and even books and papers. All cottages of this kind harbour snails and slugs in the ivy, and spiders under the eaves of the thatched roof; and wherever there are spiders, there are also abundance of flies. As there is always a garden attached to such cottages, it is almost certain, if on a clayey soil, to abound in snails, slugs, worms, and, if the situation is low, perhaps newts. • • The kitchen, in low damp cottages of every kind, almost always swarms with beetles and cockroaches, and the pantry with flies; while, from the closeness and want of ventilation in the rooms, it is almost impossible to keep fleas, &c. from the beds. If a large dog be kept in or near the house, as it frequently is, or if a stable or cow-house be near, the fleas from the dog, the horses, or the cows, which are larger than the common kind, will overspread the carpets, and find their way to the sofa and beds. Having lived in cottages of this kind ourselves in the neighbourhood of London, we have not stated a single annoyance that we have not ourselves experienced; and we have purposely omitted some. Two of these, offensive smells and rats, are the infallible results of the want of proper water-closets and drainage; but these evils, great as they may seem to be, are much easier to remedy than the others already mentioned, which are, in a great measure, inseparable from the kind of house. Two others, the danger of setting fire to thatched roof, and its liability to be injured by high winds, are sufficiently obvious; but it would hardly occur to any one, who had not lived in a house of this description in the neighbourhood of London, that a thatched roof is, of all roofs, the most expensive, both when first formed, and afterwards to keep in repair. A plumber or a slater, to repair a lead or a slate roof, may be found everywhere in the suburbs of large towns; but a professional thatcher must be sent for from the interior of the country. For example, the nearest cottage thatchers to London are in the Hundreds of Essex on the east, and in Buckinghamshire on the west. • • What, then, it may be asked, is the kind of suburban house least liable to these inconveniences? To this we answer, one that stands high, dry, and free; that is compact in its general form; that has the diagonal line of its general plan south and north, so as to obtain the sun on every window, on some part of every day that it shines, throughout the year; or, in other words, that has no front or side pointing directly either east, west, north or south; that has the rooms, and especially the kitchen story, lofty, and well lighted and ventilated; that has a secure roof of slate, lead, or flat tiles; few creepers on the walls; and that is not choked up with trees and bushes. These conditions being complied with, the architectural style of the building may be left to the taste of the occupant.—*The Suburban Gardener*, a useful work, now publishing by Mr. J. C. London.

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